THE COMMONWEAL

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NATIONAL ORIGINS

THE resolve to end the immigration epoch in the United States has gained expression in a number of legislative acts. None of these is as definite and challenging as the national-origins plan incorporated into the immigration law of 1924. Congress has known all along that this system is as full of dynamite as a blasting company's shed. Enforcement was twice postponed. Now, owing to a time clause, it is no longer subject to amendment and will automatically go into effect during the coming summer—unless it can be repealed. We do not believe that the Congress now in session will do anything about the latter, despite the public disavowal of national-origins quotas by President Hoover. Nevertheless feeling is running high against it, especially in the New England states, and in the long run opposition is bound to become powerful.

Briefly speaking there are three objections to the plan, which bases the immigrant quotas to which the several countries are entitled upon the ratio between our population as a whole and a given foreign-born group. First, the intent of the bill is dishonest. On the national-origins basis, Great Britain and northern Ireland are entitled to nearly one-half of the total number of newcomers from Europe. This privilege they neither can nor care to take advantage of. During past years they have not filled a quota less than half as large as the one proposed. One may therefore rightly conclude that the law aims to keep out, through a subterfuge, some 35,000 potential citizens annually. If we suppose that Ellis Island is now receiving too much patronage, the remedy is obviously to curtail the number admitted frankly and fairly.

In the second place, it is difficult to believe that race prejudice is dissociated from the measure. At any rate, the "native-born American" sentiment could wish for nothing better than this law, which virtually cuts in two the quotas from Germany and the Irish Free State. Many people believe that the sponsors of the bill were actuated by war-time feeling, and the charge —raised publicly again and again—has never been convincingly refuted. However natural antipathy to Germany may have been during a few years, it ought obviously not to be perpetuated in the law of the land. The German's record in this country is one he may well be proud of, and eminent Americans from Thomas Jefferson down have warmly acclaimed it.

In the third place, the method by which national-

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origins quotas are determined is quite inaccurate. It must rely upon every census taken since 1790; and the early counts are manifestly unreliable both as population totals and as indications of actual nationalistic derivations. One may grant the inadequacy of other methods to arrive at wholly trustworthy figures. But this one seems to be the least reliable and most troublesome of all. There would seem to be no argument in its favor unless the more fundamental assumptions of the national-origins plan are sound. Meanwhile it may be admitted that all our compilations of immigrant groups are subject to drastic revision.

Of course opposition to any measure such as this can be carried much too far. We say at once, for instance, that considerations of religion appear to have been almost entirely absent from the minds of those who championed the bill. If immigration from the Irish Free State is curtailed, the numerical status of Catholics in this country will, it is true, be affected. But since the law also reduces the quotas of Germany and the Scandinavian countries, it would be unfair to conclude that the Church is in any way involved. Whatever philosophy underlies the national-origins idea is manifestly nationalistic. That by no means absolves it from error or misguided zeal; but antagonism to it must be directed at the right target.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE trend of rebellion in Mexico is running fairly true to predictions. Its original impetus came from Sonora, and though it spilled over into various other sections of the country, its destiny will be determined there. Two things might have happened but never did: a serious rift in the federal forces, or better than a draw at Jimenez. Few observers gambled on either possibility, and most clung to their conviction that the Calles forces would find getting into Sonora rather difficult and accomplishing anything definite there still more troublesome. The outcome is likely to be guerilla warfare, after the fashion of the fighting in Jalisco. As a consequence there will almost certainly be neither peace nor efficient government in Mexico until General Calles disappears from the scene. In a country so plagued with hostile factions and ruthless ambitions, that is likely to happen any time. Of course it would be followed by a veritable frenzy of military and political oppositions. The only hope is that out of such a struggle an opportunity for justice, order and a measure of economic prosperity may eventually come. Catholicism in Mexico seems fated to share the tribulations and vicissitudes of the country as a whole. Spokesmen for the Church have pointed out how utterly impossible it is to put faith in promises made by men possessing no title to credibility. Order can come only from government; and that depends, as far as religion is concerned, upon a restatement of Mexico's fundamental law.

Escobar in Sonora

THERE has been some disturbance of the good-will existing between Canada and the United States during the last month because of the unfortunate conjunction of the I'm Alone incident and preparations to carry out the new deportation statute which becomes effective July 1. The tone of Canada's letter concerning the former was somewhat sharper than the "purely formal" statement which optimists along the Potomac had predicted; and the excitements and alarms raised by the imminence of the alien round-up have not been entirely quieted by Mr. Hull's reassurances. What he says amounts to this: that estimates which place the number of Canadians to be deported at 200,000 are exaggerated, and that native-born Canadians have no reason to fear the difficulty of future residence in the United States. At the same time he makes it plain that the officials will not ignore (as some have hoped) the distinction which has been drawn between native-born citizens of Canada and foreign-born citizens of Canada. And in this, of course, is the reason for much resentment of the new developments in our immigration policy. On both sides of the border are many who find it hard to comprehend why we should proclaim that some Canadians are not Canadians, and cannot enter this country, even commute across the border, except under the immigration quotas of their native lands. The fact that the Supreme Court has officially closed the question by upholding the ban of the Department of Labor on naturalized Canadians has certainly not put an end to the unofficial discontent.

Commuting from Canada

UNLIKE the majority of former Vice-Presidents, Mr. Charles G. Dawes cannot be shelved. Having gone into politics with all the energy of a Horatio Alger hero, he has maintained his stride and left unmistakable foot-prints behind. Accordingly, his appointment as ambassador to Great Britain is more than a shrewd move for political unification. The Dawes following would be puzzled by the attempt to find any appropriate domestic niche for so positive a personality, but can rally valiantly behind his international significance. His name is already affixed to one important world agreement, and may figure in future stages of international development. Historic importance attaches to the post under the tutelage of Saint James, but the next few years may be as interesting as any on record. The adjustment of war obligations to the world's economic constitution, the regulation of armament problems, the implications of trade development—these are among the debatable matters upon which the future conduct of the world may be said to hinge. It is a pleasure to know that, in Mr. Dawes, we are sending not only a resolute and alert citizen, but a man who "has been there before" and with whose achievements the British are relatively familiar.

Mr. Dawes Continued

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THE best summary of Marshal Foch's significance as a man and a soldier is, in our opinion, that contributed by Hilaire Belloc to G. K.'s Weekly. First there is a character estimate with a precious bit of reminiscence: "We can only judge of greatness today—or of anything else—by direct contact. The old means of judging, cultivated criticism, has disappeared. We can only judge men today when we have met them. It was in direct contact that Foch's greatness appeared. It was composed of five things: judgment, character, intelligence, special aptitude and virtue. Whether greatness can exist in a man without virtue has been argued threadbare. I am inclined to agree with the ancients that it cannot. At least, all the forms of evil which I can list, from indulgence to pride, obviously lessen a man. It may be there is some form that does not. But this is certain, that virtue, when it is mixed with and illumines talents of a lesser kind, adds at once an element of greatness, and when these talents are eminent, it inspires them and makes them transcendant. Of that native virtue let me give one small instance. One day when he jotted down for me in the Invalides that sketch map of his position during the Marne which I preserve, I asked him, reverently, to sign it. He looked at me in surprise and said, 'Why?' He did not know, it was no part of his mind, that such a record was history or himself a giant."

A Tribute to Foch

MR. BELLOC then proceeds to military criticism. This is obviously not the last word on this puzzling subject, but it is intelligent enough to merit careful scrutiny: "Those who discuss Foch as a general are apt to miss two points: first, that the late war could not, of its nature, illustrate the genius of generalship in the only form in which history knows it, that is, as an individual effort governing all the main outlines of a united action. It was too vast, its development too novel, and the diversity of the Alliance too great for any such display. Secondly, that we must wait at least twenty years—perhaps fifty—before we know what really happened. But it is true that, more than any other one man, Foch won the war. It was his intelligence, his power of coördination and his judgment, but most of all his *character* that concluded the last phase: a little vanity, a little passion or a little bewilderment at the end would have lost it. This would not be true of all military actions by any means. Vanity has helped to win some, quarrelsomeness or violent passion others; (bewilderment none). But it is true of this war. The combatants were at the last extreme of nervous tension. Their national pride, their physical powers, their social discipline were all exasperated and but just on this side of sanity. A wrong handling of the united command, a rubbing-up-the-wrong-way of a colleague, an underrating of troops foreign to the commander, an illusion either way upon the remaining strength, moral and material of the enemy would have been fatal. It was providential that in Foch was found that combination of moral qualities which made any one of these errors impossible to him."

NO CHURCHMAN was more friendly to the work of The Commonweal than Cardinal Gasquet, whose death in Rome at an advanced age leaves a vacancy in Catholic ranks which nobody else can fill. We are proud to remember him not merely as a collaborator but as an associate whose aid, given out of the leisure of a busy life, was particularly precious. The Cardinal was born in London in 1846 and was ordained a priest in the Benedictine order during 1874. His career was identified with so many important undertakings that merely enumerating them seems like writing a summary of English Catholic progress. As an educator he helped to build up that "Downside tradition" which has now been imported so profitably into the United States. When the controversy about Anglican orders became acute, he served as a member of the commission appointed by Pope Leo XIII. Gradually also his achievements as a historian earned international respect, and though many differed with him about inferences, the integrity of his research was never challenged. It was therefore inevitable that when the work of revising the Vulgate was undertaken, he should have been chosen to act as chief of the enterprise. The Cardinalate was then extended as a token of esteem by the Universal Church. One feels that English Catholics have known few men so great or beneficent, and we in the United States are proud of his constant interest in ourselves. The Commonweal hopes to publish soon an adequate portrayal of his personality and career.

Cardinal Gasquet

THE strikes in North Carolina are receiving much attention these days, but it is well to remember that they are isolated from the labor movement in the South, and are an unreliable index for the industrialist who contemplates locating below Mason and Dixon's line. Much more significant of the developments which the next ten years may see is the response of organized labor generally to the kidnapping of organizers McGrady and Hoffman in Tennessee. It brought President Green to Elizabethton in no easy temper, and his first remarks indicate that the incident may be used as a wedge behind which the American Federation may throw its full strength into the South. It should not be a difficult task so long as wages, hours and working conditions there lag appreciably behind those of rock-bound Republican states, and organizers may point to the powerful locals of the North as partly explaining the difference. As a starting place Tennessee is most auspicious just now, especially since its honest working-men have been roused by rumors of an advertisement that the state

Trouble in the Reservoir

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has "cheap and docile labor to offer." It is apparent that the laborers of Johnson City and Elizabethton, many of whom left the mountains only a month or two ago, do not resent the fact of their low wages so much as the publicity given them. And as if "cheap" were not enough, "docile" is added, grievously wounding the pride of what Major Berry calls "the only remaining pure reservoir of Anglo-Saxon manhood."

A Comforting Anathema

WE HAVE long felt that science would eventually get round to our personal view of life and give it the standing it deserves. In the name of "physical education," Professor Jesse F. Williams recently exposed three menaces to society which have persistently worried thoughtful men—the alarm clock, morning calisthenics and running to catch a train. Regarding the first of these he declared that the alarm clock is a "national detriment" which plunges the body into high gear immediately and uses up too much oil. The denunciation of the other two we shall not repeat, excepting to note with approval that Professor Williams ascribes them to "physical illiterates." Eventually all employers (including our own) will have to realize that only a normal, natural, leisurely approach to labor conserves the whole of efficiency and altruistic interest. The well-bred citizen of the industrial future—which another professor, Dr. Charles Beard, has led us to await with so much pleasant anticipation—will no more permit himself to be disturbed by the whirr of a gong at 6:30 than he will approach a train with undue haste. Under present circumstances, however, it is probably wiser to bear with the importunities of employers and the rigid character of suburban schedules. When the hour grows late, a wise world will repeat Pepys's most illustrious and immortal saying.

The Cost of Health

HOW expensive have the corporal works of mercy become? It would be difficult to estimate the damage done to the average family budget by the ills that flesh is heir to. Getting oneself born properly has now taken on some of the characteristics of investing in stocks or oil, and from then on upkeep is frequently enough possible only on the verge of bankruptcy. One commends, therefore, the decision of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to conduct extensive research into the problem. Its policyholders will keep records of what they pay for medical or dental care, adding of course the numerous other disbursements rendered unavoidable by sickness. In the end reliable statistics may indicate the full dimensions of the difficulty. No attack is, naturally, being made upon the medical profession. Doctors as a class are far from wealthy, and many of them live on meagre incomes. The real issue has been phrased very well by Dr. Olin West, president of the American Medical Association: "The delivery of adequate, scientific medical service to all the people, rich and poor, at a cost which can be reasonably met by them in their respective stations in life."

QUITE as necessary, it seems, is some earnest consideration of "the high cost of dying." When a family suffers the loss of one beloved, it must add to its grief a veritable thorny crown of financial burdens. There is, first of all, the expense of the funeral— now soaring skyward as a result of prices demanded for burial plots and the "trimmings" insisted upon by custom. In a large city, even the simple detail of conveying mourners to the grave involves a considerable outlay. When the farewell to the corpse has been said, the legal problems begin. Regardless of everything a man can do, his affairs bristle with problems as soon as he is gone. The laws governing inheritances are scandalously tangled, so that few states have anything like the same attitude toward heirs. Lawyers' fees, court costs and innumerable taxes fasten like leeches to even the simplest bequest. What can be done? It is a situation which individuals are helpless to cope with, and about which corporate action can hardly be aroused unless the press is vigorously emphatic.

Mr. Ervine Improves

NOTHING in the New York life of Mr. St. John Ervine became him like the leaving it. This distinguished Briton is acclaimed here as an excellent playwright, but it would be a too rosy description of the general response to his performances in the New York World during the past season to say that he is acclaimed as an excellent visiting dramatic critic. How much this may be due to the outraged artistic sense of the American reader upon detecting in Mr. Ervine's journalistic style a lapse from the fine sobriety and concentration which marked such plays as Jane Clegg, or John Ferguson; and how much to a patriotic refusal to let any columnist be personal and trivially discursive unless it be in the American manner, cannot be established here. Certain it is that the legend of Mr. Ervine's being an intellectual nuisance grew great along Broadway. All this should be very considerably redressed by a reading of his farewell interview, which appeared recently in the Outlook and Independent. It is packed with opinions on the American scene, tinglingly expressed and in the main sound and original: "To protest against prohibition by making a drunkard of yourself is surely as fatuous as if one were to commit suicide as a protest against capital punishment"; "Europeans live more intuitively. . . . In America people are still questing, and they will argue about the obvious as if it were the unknown"; "Curiosity about heterodox opinions, provided there is no danger of them becoming practical, is rife." Their mordant quality does not make these comments less valuable. If Mr. Ervine returns as a visiting social critic, his legend will unquestionably be revised.

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THE tart and tonic valedictory of one of England's leading men of letters, noted in the paragraph above, is balanced, in a sense, by the utterances of one of our own. In the Herald Tribune book supplement for April 14, Mr. Sinclair Lewis makes a positive approach to our social background. Not that he praises it—when, indeed, would one expect to find Mr. Lewis doing that? But he recommends it to the perceptions of the indigenous artist with all the authority of one who has eyed it long and unblinkingly himself. For the American writer, says Mr. Lewis, the matrix of type and character must be, not one of the Quartiers, synthetic or real, of the literary world, but one of the genuine locales of American reality, a tourists' motor camp, or a state university, or a new factory town in Georgia. This is not new advice, certainly; but it is because Mr. Lewis is able to freshen it and give it cogency in a new direction that we may cite him fairly in pondering the criticisms directed against us by an outside culture. We owe it in no small measure to him that we are able to ponder them with profit. How much art Mr. Lewis has extracted from his contemplation of the American scene will continue to be debated. There are those who find him lacking in that toleration and benignity which must be factors in really durable creation. But his passionate absorption in our national material has at least produced the most savage foe of self-complacency in our time.

America and Sinclair Lewis

CURRENT rotogravures show the photograph of a stained glass window dedicated to Saint Joan of Arc in the Ethical Church, London. It seems a fair enough sample of religious art in the modern manner, stylizing the immemorial hieratic symbols to secure an effect that is largely decorative. But what challenges the vision, among the carefully disposed figures of cardinal, friar, Pope, haloed celestials and cruciform Saint, is the representation, in the left foreground, of two figures which no amount of incredulous blinking can make out to be anything else but Anatole France and Bernard Shaw. The French master, after the mode followed in depicting a Doctor of the Church, presents at the onlooker an open book —presumably that life of the Maid in which her miracles are proved to have been non-miraculous; he has been indued in a species of kimono vaguely suggesting a dalmatic, though the balance is sharply asserted by giving him a modern collar and tie. Mr. Shaw peeps over his shoulder, clothed in one non-committal sleeve, which may be a portion either of the same queer canonicals, or of Mr. Shaw's favorite Jaeger weave. One does not note these details lightly; they really represent the weird mental jumble behind such a composition. To combine the whole visible artistic periphery of one sharply defined theory of sainthood with two of the chief proponents of the exactly opposite theory, is a feat in reconciliation. It is accurately symbolized by giving the gentlemen clothing which hints that they may have been mediaeval bishops at heart, without, however, any prejudice to the idea that they were not.

Reconciliation in Art

IT IS to be hoped that readers in sufficient number will be found for the first volume of the Abbé Brémond's Literary History of Religious Thought in France, which the Macmillans are publishing. Of course it will appeal only to an educated public interested in spiritual things, but if this proves large and industrious enough the final effect upon Catholic life in the United States might be immeasurably beneficent. The subject-matter—which is devout humanism—makes its own appeal as a standard of living, so that any additional plaidoyer is unnecessary as one makes the acquaintance of personages like Saint Francis de Sales and Yves de Chartres. Viewed as a whole the Brémond treatise is a splendid exposition of all that has been exceptionally fine in the religious history of the modern age. One could not but deeply regret the loss if lack of interest prevented the appearance of the remaining volumes. There is now so much cheap drivel in the literary output, and the really good books are so hard to find, that this little note may possibly encourage some to look for a masterpiece and approach it hopefully.

A First-Rate Book

RECENTLY a grand jury in Florida indicted a former governor of that state on a charge of planning to put $1,000,000 of false money into circulation. Significant of the advances made in the counterfeiters' technique is the evidence that the ex-statesman had no intention of presenting the bogus paper in payment of his bills, but hoped to dispose of it at $40 per $1,000, to small-time crooks who would distribute it themselves. A supply house for the underworld is what he contemplated. The nipping of such a plot may not at first seem to have any international bearing, and yet it does lend a special point to the conference for the suppression of counterfeit currency, attended by delegates from thirty-five nations, which was opened at Geneva on the very day the indictment was returned. For undoubtedly many of the victims of the Florida scheme would have been the little exchange depots of Latin America and of the British possessions in the Caribbean; perhaps, since so much was involved, the effects may have been felt even farther off. One suggestion which ought to be advanced at the conference is that the nations make strict provision for educating in methods of detection those money-changers who abound in every port and border city. It is only one of the many avenues of distribution open to counterfeiters, but it is such an absurdly easy one that they can flourish on it when other ways are barred.

Suppressing the Counterfeiter

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LEVIATHAN SECEDES

NEGOTIATIONS for the transfer of the United States Lines from the Shipping Board into private hands had hardly been completed when sundry friends of man began assuring us that the transfer would make no difference in the restriction of liquor aboard the ships; meaning, perhaps, that it would be as difficult as ever to have wine with your meals in tourist third class, and as easy as ever to coax any steward in first class to pep up your ginger ale with something out of a bottle disguised as a napkin. Anyway, they were sure that there would be no change in this state of things: so loudly sure were they that newspapermen wondered what all the reassurances were about. The new owners were interviewed. They were silent. Silence means consent. The friends were gratified.

Then the Leviathan sailed, under its third house flag. Consternation in the offices of Senators Caraway, Fletcher and Jones. A vice-president of the new firm had announced that the stock of medicinal liquor, taken on six years ago, would be opened up for non-medicinal consumption as the ship passed the twelve-mile limit. Once on the other side, a fresh cargo of spirits would be taken on to regale the homeward voyage. "It can't be done," said Senator Fletcher. Echo by Senator Jones. But even then it was being done. The Leviathan had seceded. Who would have thought that a decade of American citizenship had not given some ethical sense to the old ship? But of course, she was built by Germans—and they are a stubborn lot.

After the first pained objections had been uttered, it became apparent that for some time, at least, nothing could be done to bring the Leviathan under control. The Shipping Board could see "no objection," provided that the regulations for dumping surplus liquor upon entering territorial waters, and keeping the medicinal stock under seal until leaving them again, were obeyed. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman thought that if the medicinal stock should not prove sufficient for the eastward voyage, an extra supply might be obtained from runners outside the three-mile limit without violating the law. And thereby, perhaps, he gave the new owners an idea. A decision of the Supreme Court was cited to the effect that the law "does not apply to domestic vessels when outside the territorial waters of the United States." The ruling is clear enough. It has stood for six years, and its validity has not yet been questioned. Under it, ships of other American lines have been supplying liquor to their passengers all along. Objection to a similar liberty on board the Leviathan seems to be based on an impression that through its former connection with the government it acquired a special character which should be revered. That after this distinguished history, its distraught and exhausted passengers should once more assemble to splice the main brace is a picture which certain landlubbers will do their best to destroy.

But it is obvious enough that unless the lobbyists of the Anti-saloon League can persuade Congress to adopt an amendment extending the application of the national prohibition act to American ships on the high seas, liquor will be sold openly and decently aboard the Leviathan and other units of the fleet from now on, instead of beneath a napkin, as in the past. Unless and until that happens, American ships will have the status of American men—that is, they will be outside the provisions of the dry law as soon as they are outside the territorial jurisdiction of the United States. An American passport has never carried a clause disowning the bearer should he take a drink. Anyone who could afford it has always been able to journey under the prestige and protection of the American government into lands where the vine is still dedicated to a nobler product than raisins. Upon returning, so long as his income could stand it, he has always been able to purchase importations of the beverages which were favorites with him on the other side. He has had this double advantage over the poor man who has stayed at home all the dreary winter, synthesizing his own juniper and putting some aside to make holiday on the Fourth of July.

A SCHOOL OF LITURGY

NOW and then, suddenly, something genuinely important happens in the domain of education. Then one discerns clearly a need that has long existed, a work that clamors to be done. Certainly the establishment of a liturgical music school at the Catholic University of America is just such an epochal event. For years training in ecclesiastical music suffered, despite many intrinsic excellences, from a lack of connection with general clerical and lay education. A man could complete a course of study under first-rate auspices and in a thoroughly religious atmosphere without ever giving so much as a thought to that question of Church music which has engrossed entire generations of earnest observers. In the United States especially the result was indifference to the form of divine worship, willingness to accept even the most decadent melodies, and in some cases a nearly scandalous absence of music in any form. When the work now begun at the Catholic University gets under way, the efficacy of sound standards ought to be felt in even remote places.

The school has been brilliantly established. Mrs. Justine Ward, through whose generosity the foundation of $1,000,000 was made possible, is almost solely responsible for such consciousness of liturgical music as does exist among us. It is rarely, indeed, that a person of her means and talent devotes so much enthusiasm to a humanistic and spiritual cause. Her achievement can be measured, in part, by the faculty which is available for the new school—a group trained in

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accordance with the best European traditions. It can also be gauged by its value as an example; for, as Monsignor Ryan stated in his address of acceptance, "music-lovers who appreciate the close ties which have always bound together Church and secular music cannot but welcome the establishment of a school with such high classical ideals as we intend to conduct."

Life permits deviations from perfection and concessions to necessity. One cannot expect that ordinary parish singing will ever attain the purity and beauty of renditions by age-old monastic choirs. But it is imperative that education be something different from life—that it be courageous in its struggle for perfection and in its defense of standards. Only so can the whole community be kept mindful of the need for the best that heart and soul can do. The school is to be the light set on the hill, for the guidance and encouragement of the valleys. And one may conclude by saying that, in general, the Catholic cause in the United States could profit from nothing so much as from a multiplication of centres for cultivation of the good, the beautiful, the true, for their own sakes.

Despite the vast total of unselfish benevolence in the past, America is not yet as conscious of the stewardship of wealth as it might profitably be. Mrs. Ward's good deed is, therefore, notable not merely because it is charity but because it has revealed a genuine need, to the removal of which wealth could make an important contribution. That day will be blessed when eyes are turned to the discovery of similar ways in which the civilization of our country may be enriched, strengthened and sublimated in the spirit of Christ the King. Literature and the arts are clearly among the most important of these methods. That neither is able to thrive without subsidy from more practical pursuits is likewise evident—and so the moral may be permitted to make itself.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF FICTION

OF THE novel it may apparently be said that custom does not stale its infinite variety. Here is the most elastic of all literary forms, which can be adapted as well to life seen as a cobweb as to life visualized in gigantic blocks. But just what it is worth essentially, or precisely how important the things we cramp into it must be thought, are matters which continue to puzzle everybody. Two little books regarding the English novel have now appeared; and though both are highly intelligent, they do not subtract from our perplexities. Mr. Ford Madox Ford sums up the situation from a personal, creative point of view, dousing some venerable figures with the vitriol of scorn and anointing his own less highly renowned favorites with a dictional equivalent for spikenard and myrrh. He is entertaining when he scolds Fielding, and equally entertaining when he swings the censer before the shade of Conrad. But in the end, though one is pretty certain about Mr. Ford, one is just as unstable as ever regarding the novel.

The final "charge to the players" contains a summary in the shape of advice which somehow seems quite remote from the problems bothering us. "You must therefore," Mr. Ford says, "write as simply as you can—with the extreme of the simplicity that is granted to you, and you must write of subjects that spring at your throat. But why subjects appeal to you you have no means of knowing. The appeal of the subject is nevertheless the only thing that is open to your native genius—the only thing as to which you can say: 'I cannot help it: that is what appealed to me!' You must never, after that, say: 'I write like this because I want to,' but you must say: 'I write like this because I hope it is what the unspoiled reader likes!' "

This advice, you see at a glance, welds together sundry remarks by Wilkie Collins, Joseph Conrad and many others. It stresses that elemental, spontaneous, lyrically emotional thing which precedes the work of creation. But obviously, if the novel is going to be what Mr. Ford wants it to become—a "social phenomenon"—its genesis must be the product of other factors than those described above. At this point let us quote Mr. Carruthers, whose Scheherazade, Or the Future of the English Novel is really a scintillant, though short, treatise: "If a novelist's work is to be significant and not merely entertaining, it is necessary that he should be a man of strong and comprehensive beliefs. It is not enough that his mind be capacious, with windows open to all the floating ideas of his day and generation; he must, like every other writer who aims at more than ephemeral popularity, organize these discrete ideas into a stable attitude toward the world, an attitude that readers can at least feel behind his work, even though neither he nor they can define it in terms of logic. This is his philosophy of life, and a novelist without a philosophy of life may safely be ignored."

On the basis of this fairly pertinent remark, Mr. Carruthers erects a critical battery from which broadsides are fired against some of the Ford idols. And there you are. The truth of the matter is probably that we can come to no definite conclusions about the novel because we have never decided what the novel is. On the other hand, philosophies of life are hard and solid things that can be weighed and measured; lyric sincerity is an experience which is either genuine or fatuous. These we can know and like. They are verities one may rightly search for in fiction. Very probably all else is of secondary importance—so that, ultimately, having fused the twin points of view thus presented, our outlook upon the novelist's art would be reasonably correct. Who knows? Stories will, undoubtedly, continue to get themselves written, and the most one can expect is that, in the finest among them, all that is emotionally and intellectually genuine in an age will be concentrated.

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WHAT IS CATHOLIC ACTION?

By JOHN J. HARBRECHT

The Papacy has set a new goal for the corporate life of the Church, which is of especial interest to laymen. We believe the following article to be an authoritative summary of the most important documents bearing upon the subject. It is also, however, an analysis of Catholic life and effort in the United States, seen from an unconventional point of view. What does "Catholic Action" mean in theory? What can it signify practically, here in this country? These are among the questions which Father Harbrecht answers with the carefulness of a trained theologian.—The Editors.

LIKE the great spiritual formulas which epitomized the thought and directed the action of our forefathers, the term "Catholic Action" is the outcome of recent evolution of Catholic thought and practice. The earliest anticipation of this term was expressed a quarter of a century ago in the first encyclical letter of Pope Pius X. In that memorable document, which pledged the Catholic world "to restore all things in Christ," the Pope said:

> The times demand action; but only such action as whole-heartedly fosters the holy and complete observance of divine law and the precepts of the Church, the free and public profession of the true religion and the exercise of every kind of charity without any regard for personal gain.

A few months later Pius X addressed an apostolic letter to the bishops of Italy wherein he stated that "Catholic Action" was demanded by the present conditions of the Church and society, and proceeded to draw up rules and regulations for the direction of this action, "which constitutes the fundamental plan of the Catholic lay movement and must form the constant rule of the conduct of all Catholics." In a Motu Proprio, he designated such action as "Christian action"; and in another encyclical (Il Fermo Proposito) as "the action of Catholics." In a letter to the bishops of Brazil, he called it "social action"; and on another occasion, "Eucharistic action."

In line with this endeavor of Pope Pius X, many Catholic thinkers and writers on this and the other side of the Atlantic began to seek for an appropriate term which would express the organized thought and practice of Catholic charity. The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, after analyzing, as he says himself, the work of his immediate predecessors, set about to construct a program of unified Catholic activity which would embody all their thought, principles and endeavors. And as a result he has given us his program of "Catholic Action," thereby fashioning a new official term with a definite technical meaning.

But like all the terms which caught the minds of Catholics in the past and gave orientation to their lives, "Catholic Action" is no mere magic phrase. Its great efficacy lies in the fact that it arouses Catholic thought which, in turn, enkindles action. It sends our souls back to the practice of a fundamental virtue of Catholicism—obedience to authority. It centers our thought on the realities of Catholicism, which the Vicegerent of Christ proposes with the intent that we make his thought our thought, so that we may live this thought in our daily lives. It is therefore absolutely necessary that we acquaint ourselves with some of the words of our Holy Father on "Catholic Action," in order to understand thoroughly the essence of its nature.

That "sentire cum ecclesia" is what the Holy Father himself desires, is evident from the words of his first encyclical:

> Since the selfsame sad conditions continue to exist in the world today which were the object of constant and almost heartbreaking preoccupation on the part of our beloved predecessor, Benedict XV, during the whole period of his Pontificate, naturally We have come to make his thoughts and his solutions of these problems Our own. May they become, too, the thoughts and ideals of everyone, as they are Our thoughts, and if this should happen we would certainly see, with the help of God and the coöperation of all men of good-will, the most wonderful effects come to pass by a true and lasting reconciliation of men one with another.

In his allocution at his first consistory, speaking of the wonderful reception which was accorded his first encyclical, the Holy Father tells us what his thought on "Catholic Action" is, saying:

> That eager expression of good-will and conscious complaisance in love by which the priests and laity under the leadership of their bishops follow Our exhortations and encouragements and participate whole-heartedly in those projects and works which are embraced under the term "Catholic Action," have been a great source of joy to Us. Since this action tends of its very nature to imbue souls with the deep spirit of Jesus Christ under the holy authority of their pastors, and this, in all the departments and vicissitudes of the lives of individuals and of human society according to the differences of commonwealth and civil allegiance, it is evident how necessary it is to foster such action, not only for the welfare of religion and the good of the Church, but also for the well-being of the state and for the benefit of human association itself. Therefore in Our first encyclical, We declared that "Catholic Action" belongs without a doubt to the pastoral ministry, and as such, it has a deep effect on Christian life, so that whatever fosters or checks its progress, protects or violates the rights of the Church and souls.

On June 19, 1926, the Holy Father described the nature of "Catholic Action" more fully:

> "Catholic Action" is the Church working in society, championing whatever is good wherever it appears and

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> condemning evil, whosoever may be its agent or whatever may be its source. Its unrelenting spirit is that of the Church herself, her Decalogue, her Gospel, her eternal, unchangeable and indestructible truth. Its plasticity is that of the Church, adjusting itself to every form of government . . . to every kind of political organization, to every type of social and civil life among the various peoples. "Catholic Action," on which Our hope for the regeneration of the individual, the family, society and the whole world rests, is the lay apostolate supporting the apostolate of the bishops and priests. It is the participation of the laity in the special mission of the Church by coöperation in Catholic things. However, it is not any kind of coöperation wherein the individual follows his own will, but only such service as is coördinated and united with all the forces of Catholicism. Therefore "Catholic Action" will utilize the form of modern strategy, which sees in large armies not an uncontrollable mass but a detailed organization of large and small bodies of troops, each burdened with a definite task, but all directed by one authority, the general staff, for the single objective of defeating the enemy. "Catholic Action" must accept this attitude of mind, so that in private and public life it can operate according to the viewpoint of Catholic teaching, meet the different needs of time and place, ascertain the position of the opposition, organize ways and means to combat it, enlist coöperation in the fight, give splendid example for imitation, and effect a constant progress for the Catholic movement.

In a letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State on the question of the Balilla, dated January 24, 1927, our Holy Father particularly emphasizes one of the essential characteristics of "Catholic Action," saying:

> In Our first encyclical We defined "Catholic Action" as the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy, and declared that the priests must conceive it as an essential part of their ministry and that the laity must look upon it as a duty of their lives.

It is evident from these utterances that our thought and endeavors in regard to "Catholic Action" must center on the elements enunciated therein. Like the notes of the Church, these essentials are four in number:

(1) It is a planned and systematic coördination of all Catholic forces, which seek and apply in the life of the individual and of our Catholic associations the maxims of the Gospel, in order to extend in this way the ordinary ministry of the Church to souls.

(2) It is the lay apostolate, organized by the bishops and priests in order that it may help them in their ministry of saving souls.

(3) Its formal object is to produce, change and adjust all religious, moral, social and economic thought and procedure of modern life to Catholic standards of thought and action, in order to spread the kingdom of Christ and to establish the peace of Christ in the hearts of men.

(4) Its very essence is actual organization under the authority of the bishop and pastors of the place.

From the foregoing one must conclude that the question of the organization of "Catholic Action" is of vital importance. The Church in other countries is fast marshaling her forces into well-planned organizations for the purpose. But in reviewing what has been done in Europe, we should be careful not to allow the methods and technique of their organization to distract us. We succeed, as a rule, in devising better methods and technique of organization than they do; and the essentials of the organization of "Catholic Action" are the same the world over. Moreover, there seems to be no reason for a hurried, wholesale organization of "Catholic Action" in America. Here the Church is enjoying a providential situation, perhaps exceptionally propitious for the furtherance of its purpose. Too much agitation for the formal organization of "Catholic Action" may cause haphazard, lifeless, or over- organization, actually impeding the growth which should be natural.

The moral beauty of the opportunity which lies before the Church in America is evident if we appraise the Church in the light of her fundamental law, which is charity. Her progress from this aspect has received little or no attention in our American Catholic literature. True, all recognize the splendid and positive charitable accomplishments of the past. Six score and ten years ago, the Church was transmitting the goods of salvation to 30,000 souls, scattered throughout the colonial states with little canonical organization, few churches, fewer priests, no seminaries, religious orders or charitable institutions. Today the charity of her brotherhood binds 20,000,000 souls together in the unity of "faith that worketh through charity" in 105 dioceses, with 25,000 priests, 18,000 parishes, every kind of religious order and every type of charitable enterprise.

The trend of the Church's charity in every diocese is distinguished by three periods. Because in each diocese she is a living being, an organic unit of the mystical body of Christ, growth may here or there be irregular, at times retarded, sometimes even precocious; and as a result, the periods may overlap in a given case. But they are none the less as clearly discernible in nearly every developed diocese as they are in the history of the Church in general.

The first division may be designated as the "rescue period," when the charity of the Church actually saves countless souls who have come not en masse, but singly, to this country. The length of this period will vary according to dioceses; some are still engaged more or less in this work. The Church thus manifested its charity by rescuing the souls of our immigrant forefathers, welding them into parish organizations which insured the delivery of the ordinary goods of Christ's truth, grace and law of life to the individual.

The second period is classified under the heading of a long, yet very accurate word—institutionalization. The charity of most of our dioceses realized the grave needs, emergencies and disorganizations in which many of its brethren were living, and sought to relieve them

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through the erection of Catholic institutions. During this period our schools, hospitals, homes, asylums, orphanages, arose. But the new environment in America put the charity of the local church face to face with many problems for which it had in all too many instances little knowledge and scarcely any experience. Much was left to the zeal of apostolic souls. However, since the opening of the century, a new trend has been noticeable in most of our institutional work. There is a splendid attempt being made to express more perfectly Catholic standards in all such work. On all sides we witness endeavors to make our institutions living expressions of the local church's understanding of Jesus' love for us.

In recent years, especially after the war, under a more enlightened understanding of her fundamental law and with a deeper consciousness of the action which such understanding entails, the Church in most dioceses has already entered on a charity organization period. A significant achievement of national character is the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Other features of the charity organization movement may be found in the following items: over fifty dioceses have centralized agencies to organize their charity for poor relief; most dioceses have bureaus of education whose function is to organize the charity of the educational agencies of the local church; quite a number of dioceses have organized their charity for the home and foreign missions; many are unifying and coördinating the charity of their existing societies; several are demonstrating their charity in an organized way to the non-Catholic; some northern dioceses are expressing in an organized apostolate the solicitude of the local church for the salvation of the Negro; the charity of a few dioceses is organizing conferences on industrial problems; an important spiritual work of charity is the organization which some dioceses are according the retreat movement and, to a lesser degree, the liturgical movement; another apostolic charity is the organization, which some dioceses are attempting in the ministry of the press and in a radio apostolate. Thus the charity of the Church of Christ is organizing its apostolic zeal for nearly every phase of modern life, in order to infuse into it the spirit of Jesus.

In the light of this interpretation, "Catholic Action" is very opportune for the Church in America. But though the way is clear for the organization of "Catholic Action" here, we must be on our guard lest we see "Catholic Action" where it does not exist. There is such a thing as the religion of enthusiasm, and he who has closely read the history of the Church in this country knows only too well that it has often caused her immeasurable harm. Many of our organizations are engaged in work similar to that of "Catholic Action." We must foster them and allow them to continue their work as preparations for its formal organization. In the meantime, the question of the actual organization must be left to our bishops singly and collectively. In due time, as the official agents of the cure of souls in every diocese, they will accomplish the needed formal diocesan and parish organization.

In the interval, both individuals and organizations are bound in duty by the law of charity to strengthen their hold on the Faith, heighten the understanding and deepen the consciousness of their charity. We cannot help others unless we enjoy the goods of salvation ourselves, unless we know the truth, possess the grace and live the law of Christ. Some keen observers have noted the trend of impersonalization operating in certain of our best organizations. It is due today, as it has ever been in the past, to some of our priests and many of our laymen paying their tribute to the secularism of the times. To offset this trend it is first of all necessary to recognize that the Holy Father has rightly diagnosed the situation when he declares "secularism with all its attendant errors and impious purposes as the plague of the times"; and then to follow his example and put all the stress at our command on the personal responsibility of the charity of the individual Catholic. For it is only through an understanding of this great law of Christianity and a consciousness of the relations it imposes on us as brothers in the kingdom of Christ, that the individual will come to appraise and appreciate the real worth and value of his Christian dignity. The joyful élan of his love will then issue into acts which will help him save his own and his neighbor's soul.

I Venerate a Carpenter

I venerate a carpenter.
It always seems to me
There is about his ancient trade
An air of sanctity.

The saw is honest and the plane
An honorable tool:
The earnest augur sinks a shaft
Exact and beautiful.

And fair is wood and very kind
To answer each request . . .
The one so happy at his toil
Takes songs out of his breast,

The while, his purpose in his hands,
He marks the hammer's beat.
The little eager shavings run
Like tidings down the street,

And it is brighter where he works
For his ecstatic zeal,
The gospel of his good intent—
I always seem to feel

A kind of tender fear of him,
So splendid and so shy . . .
I venerate a carpenter—
God knows why!

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

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MODERN IRISH MASTERS

By PADRAIC COLUM

IT WAS an English traveler of the eighteenth century, Arthur Young, who noted that the peculiar character of the Irish landscape was based on two opposite features—stoniness and moistness. There are the rocks, first of all. "The whole of the island is one vast rock of different strata and kinds rising out of the sea." And then there is the moistness of land and atmosphere which caused the traveler to exclaim, "May we not recognize the hand of bounteous Providence which has given perhaps the most stony soil in Europe to the moistest climate in it? . . . The rocks here are all clothed with verdure; those of limestone with only a thin covering of mold, have the softest and most beautiful turf imaginable." This combination of rockiness and moistness makes Ireland different from other lands; the famous greenness is due, in some measure, to the contrast between the grey stone and the verdure of grasses and mosses.

The landscapes among the sixty or more paintings that are being shown in the Helen Hackett Gallery render very vividly this peculiar Irish countryside. Here is a fascinating picture by Paul Henry. A wind-twisted tree grows out of ground that rocks push up from; a long stretch of water is near by, and back is a treeless mountain with great clouds above it—how characteristic of the west of Ireland is the scene! The picture is named The Fairy Thorn, and when you have seen it you have had a glimpse of the landscape that the winds of the Atlantic sweep across. There are seven pictures by Paul Henry here, each of them revealing the painter's enchantment with these lonely, cloud-shadowed places. Paul Henry's other pictures, particularly Cottages in Connemara, The Village Bog, By a Connemara Lake, are not so remote in feeling as The Fairy Thorn: in these pictures a sense of human presence gives the mood, albeit the mood is one of loneliness. Another painter who gives us the landscape of the west of Ireland is Humbert Craig: one never thinks of the scenes that this painter renders as having anything to do with people. Over the calm waters of a bay there are great clouds; beside it are green fields with brown patches of moor or bog, and there is the blue of inland water. There is no figure to give the scene any national characteristic, and yet anyone who has looked upon the Irish landscape knows that this picture, Sheepland Bay, could be of no other place than Ireland.

Paul Henry has lived a great deal in the west of Ireland—in Connemara and Achill—and this accounts for the sense that comes to us even from the loneliest of his landscapes—the sense that the place has been lived in. In nearly all of his pictures there are cottages. In The Village Bog cottages are by the deep, lonely pools of the bog. And in In Connemara, under that great blue mountain that has such heavy clouds above it there are the little whitewashed houses. No people appear in the landscapes that Paul Henry and Humbert Craig show. But if one wants to find the figures that belong to such scenes one can find them in an admirable picture by an artist who shows only one canvas—Mrs. Murray Robertson—Against the Wind. Two women, black shawls across their heads, red petticoats showing, are striving against such a great wind as one encounters in the western counties. The picture is small and it has great intensity of feeling. I feel the wind that sweeps upon Achill as I view it.

There are pictures that contrast with these bleak scenes. There is A. E.'s opalescent Colored Shade and his River and Sands; there is Dermot O'Brien's Home of the de Veres, and Charles Lamb's two pictures that have Galway and Connemara for their subjects. A. E.'s pictures are nominally of woods and strands, but we feel that they are really of fairyland. Dermot O'Brien's landscape is of the south, of Limerick, and the scene is sylvan and rich and warm in color. In Charles Lamb's Connemara Farm and Coast of Galway, we are given these landscapes without their storms; they are still bare, but they have been endowed with an idyllic charm.

Then there is John Keating. This remarkable painter renders that high-spirited, youthful life of Ireland that has its literary expression in the plays of J. M. Synge. He is like Jack Yeats in this respect—Jack Yeats whose pictures are not being shown here. His Tipperary Hurler is a picture that will be often looked at and often reproduced. Here is a young countryman with a dark brush of hair, wearing the red jersey of some athletic team. He holds a caman or hockey-stick in his hands; his bare arms show muscles like cords; back of him is a landscape of tilled fields with clouds above it, giving us the impression of a wind-swept land. We might see this young man any day in an Irish county, and yet as we look upon the picture of him that John Keating has made, our minds are carried backward to the time of the sagas. He might just as well hold a javelin as a hurling-stick in his hands. That rugged, kindly, indomitable face might have looked over the horses that drew Cuchullain's chariot, or laughed in the beards of the Roman senators when Brennus took their town. A fine picture indeed. There is only one other picture by John Keating on exhibition here. A couple of fishermen and a girl stand where they can view some local sports; there is a wonderful vitality in the picture, and the girl's abandonment to a spirit which is half delight and half mockery is memorably rendered in paint—it is the equivalent in paint of one of Synge's

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tumultuous episodes. And it is interesting to contrast the people in this picture with the people in a picture by another painter—Michael MacLiammour. In Keating's picture the actual lineaments of Galway are rendered; in MacLiammour's Strangers, the faces are stylized, made hieratic. And yet they are recognizably the Galway type. It is a pity that only one picture by this young painter is being shown here.

We have a few pictures by Leo Whelan to contrast with the unsubdued figures that John Keating gives us. One can never think of Keating's people as being in a house. Leo Whelan paints interiors and quiet people. Here is a woman whose face is at once vivid and still standing beside her bowls and her basket. The Old Coachman, by Grace Henry, is quiet and vivid too; a fine type rendered with quite remarkable feeling and insight.

And then we have some remarkable portraits by the most penetrating of Irish portrait painters, Patrick Tuohy. His portrait of James Stephens is listed in the catalogue, but it has not yet been hung upon the walls. I hope it will soon be in the exhibition. It is some years since I saw it in Dublin, but it has remained in my mind, vivid almost as the personality of Stephens himself. The painter has seen the poet in a way that will surprise many who know Stephens—not as a man who knows elfin things, but as a powerful and fantastical man—a man who might be remarkable as an actor. Tuohy's portraits, even when they seem to be just representing his sitters, as in the portraits of Mr. Evans and Dr. Seibels, have a dramatic quality, as though he had actually penetrated to some stirring experience in the character. His Girl in a Striped Dress is full of this quality. None of Tuohy's religious paintings are being shown here, and that is a pity, for they are strong and original. Another portrait painter whose work is exhibited is Sean O'Sullivan: his portrait of De Valera is a strong piece of work. But I like best his picture of a man seated at a table in a café or a saloon—a real personality exists in this portrait.

The quiet landscapes of the east and south of Ireland are represented by Maurice McGonigal's Wicklow Mountains, by Edith Somerville's Owenahiney Bridge, by Alexander Williams's Gorse Bushes, and by Mabel Young's The Sugar Loaf. I have come back often to look at Estelle Solomon's Stream at Rathfarnham—a delightful picture.

There remain artists whose work deals neither with national landscape nor with national character—George Atkinson and Harry Clarke. George Atkinson's etchings show us a new Ireland—perhaps an Ireland that is coming into being, the Ireland of excavation and industrial structure that is rising around the hydro-electrical plant on the Shannon. They are fine as etchings and they are also a piece of the Irish history of today. And then there are Harry Clarke's designs. This young artist is a worker in stained glass; in that medium his work is among the best that is being done in Europe today. But he is also an illustrator, and his illustrations for Poe's stories are, I think, the most imaginative and fantastic that have ever accompanied the work of that master of fantasy. Eight of his designs are exhibited.

THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF SEA POWER

By JOHN CARTER

EVER since the Geneva tripartite naval conference of 1927 failed to produce an agreement between the world's three greatest maritime powers, there has been so much talk about cruisers, tonnages, gun elevation, gun calibre, naval bases and merchant vessels as auxiliary cruisers that there is grave danger of our losing sight of the fact that sea power is primarily a business proposition.

Technical matters of naval engineering may very well be left to the competent naval authorities; the definition of naval policy must reside now, as always, in the legislative branch of government, and its application to the executive. What the public should avoid is the confusion between naval power and sea power which is the natural consequence of a prolonged international discussion of the former without direct reference to the latter.

What is sea power? The navalist would answer that it is the ability to control the sea so effectively as to deny or restrict its use by an enemy. If this definition is correct, the Barbary pirates of the time of Thomas Jefferson were a sea power. This the economist would be disposed to deny. To him, sea power is essentially the ability to use the sea for the conduct of commerce. He would regard the power to deny its use by virtue of naval force as entirely distinct, and battle fleets as, at best, floating blackmail over the commerce of other nations—as a crude means to prevent other nations from interference with the commerce of one's own country.

Here again the navalist would object to the economist's statement of his function and would point to the military side of naval power, its ability to attack such land fortresses as Gallipoli, its ability to protect troops in convoy and to mask attacks or invasions on the coasts of an enemy, its ability to fight and if possible to destroy the battle fleet of an enemy. Politicians, moreover, would insist on referring to the policies, such as the Monroe Doctrine, and to the acts of policy, such as American Caribbean activities, which depend on a navy. Accordingly, it becomes clear that naval power is not quite identical with sea power,

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and that the solution of the problems of sea power does not necessarily promise the abrogation of naval power.

Nevertheless, sea power is so important a factor in national policies and international relations that it is necessary to understand it if progress is to be made in dealing with the problems which it creates. If sea power be the power to use the sea for commercial purposes, its elements are clearly not to be found in guns and cruisers and bases but in the stuff of sea-borne commerce itself.

The first element in the maritime equation is, therefore, the existence of a great bulk of commodities which require transportation by sea. Our cotton, our wheat, our coal, our petroleum, our copper and the balance of our bulk commodities and industrial manufactures constitute the backbone of our sea power. If it were not for these and for the sugar, fruit, rubber, silk, copra, coffee, wool, ore and such which we import, American sea power would be insignificant. So long as there is an effective demand for our goods, and so long as we require large quantities of the products of trans-oceanic nations, we will have a basic sea power that cannot be displaced.

The apparatus of sea power is the merchant marine. Not the British navy but the

> Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
> Butting through the Channel. . .

is the symbol of British sea power. On land, we use delivery carts, fleets of motor trucks and freight cars to deliver the goods. Our merchant freighters are simply national delivery carts operating in competition with the floating delivery carts which are owned by other nations.

But a merchant marine is only one element in the economic conception of sea power. It must enjoy certain facilities if it is to function efficiently. Bills of lading, bills of exchange, contracts, invoices, consular certifications, etc., are the business element involved in sea power. Insurance is another primary facility to sea power. Without insurance at moderate rates the risk of maritime transport is prohibitive to the average shipper. Consignees are essential if he is to avoid forced sales in a depressed market. Beyond that, financial credits are necessary to cover all stages of a commercial transaction. Prompt and accurate intelligence as to the condition of markets, the demand for particular products, the reliability of purchasers, is further desirable if loss is to be avoided. The State Department, the Department of Commerce, foreign exchange and commodity ticker quotations, private commercial intelligence systems, all unite to assure the American shipper of adequate information and intelligence. Similar agencies, private and governmental, exist in every considerable commercial nation to facilitate the exchange of its commodities by sea. Without them sea power would be as much of a gamble as it was in the days of the early clippers in the China trade, when a single voyage might result in a fortune or might result in bankruptcy.

Accessories have been developed which further solidify the economic character of sea power. Cables and wireless under national control assure the prompt, secret and accurate transmission of commercial information. Before the war, the British cable system was predominant. Since then, independent American cable and radio organizations have assured us of considerable freedom in this respect. Docks for repairs and piers for unloading are further accessories. There are still some ports along the South American and African coasts at which cargo must be unloaded into lighters and small boats. Such inadequate lading facilities constitute a considerable impediment to sea power. It is obvious that to load a ship in an American port and send it to a foreign port is an inefficient transaction if the harbor facilities abroad are primitive or non-existent.

Conveniently located fuel supplies are a further accessory to sea power. It is for this reason that the British system of bases is so formidable. The British merchant vessel is assured throughout the seven seas of ports of call and refuge, where it can obtain at reasonable prices the coal or oil fuel and other stores which are necessary to its voyage. This system cuts down on the requirements for bunker space and enables a greater amount of cargo to be carried on the individual freighter. Furthermore, such bases as Singapore and Hongkong (to mention but two of the best located) constitute convenient commercial entrepôts at which goods can be placed in warehouses and distributed according to demand. Manila, under the American flag, is an example of a similar entrepôt for the eastern Asiatic trade.

The final element in sea power is political. It is obvious that to transport goods by sea is a silly business if it is impossible to sell them at the other end, whether because of unsatisfactory political conditions or tariff discriminations. It is for this reason that the greater commercial nations have elaborated and sought to apply policies which assured to their merchants an unimpeded trade at the far end of their run.

On the American side, such a policy has been that of the open door with its corollary system of "most favored nation" treaties. We have sought, in cases of weak sovereignties, to make sure that no strong nation would seize for itself an economic predominance based on favors and discriminations imposed by force majeure or under duress. We have applied that policy in China, in Morocco and in the mandates after the world war. In the case of strong sovereignties, we have sought to assure to our traders rights no more restricted than those accorded to the traders of any other nation. We have sought to remove "bargaining tariffs" from our own economy and have urged other nations to reciprocate in this reform. France is today the only considerable nation which does not accord us unconditional "most favored nation" treat-

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ment, although the question of "imperial preference" in the British empire might be raised as a moot point in this particular.

The British, on the other hand, have followed two policies to assure their trade an outlet. The first was the famous free trade ideal which began eighty years or more ago with the repeal of the Navigation Acts and which ended, after the Armistice, with the Safeguarding of Industries Act, which restored protection to Great Britain. During the free trade interlude, Great Britain enjoyed industrial primacy and maritime supremacy, and it was urged upon the world that it was a moral duty to reduce tariffs to the point which left them "for revenue only." Even today there are people in the United States who feel that a protective tariff is immoral—an obvious legacy from this past golden age for British trade. Parenthetically, it might be observed that some people now say that our open door policy is disingenuously selfish because we have such mastery of mass production that no other nation can compete with us unless it is protected by special political discriminations.

The other British trade policy is, bluntly, the pursuit of trade by any means which may be effective. Britain supported (indeed suggested) the Monroe Doctrine because under Spanish rule the British had been excluded from Latin-American trade, and because the reconquest of the revolted Spanish colonies would have meant the end of a market for Great Britain. Another instance of this British policy would be her effort to stabilize the European continent after the war, through financial credits and political agreements, so as to end competition based on depreciated currencies and to induce a prosperity which would restore an effective demand for British goods. This is not to say that British post-war policy in Europe was limited to these considerations, but they afford an example of the "trade complex" in all British political enterprises.

On the other hand, nations which are less powerful or less developed industrially have resorted to other policies designed to assure their goods a foreign market. The closed door, the so-called "sphere of influence," the protectorate and the commercial treaty based on reciprocal concessions have been the resort of such nations. It is of interest to note, with reference to ourselves, that it was not until the world war had demonstrated our effective sea power that we abandoned the reciprocal feature in our tariffs and came out flat-footed for the "most favored nation" idea.

The battle of concessions in China, between the end of the Sino-Japanese War and the beginning of the Boxer Rebellion, marked the apogee of that type of policy. Since the war, however, it has reappeared in a different form through the institution of monopolistic controls over various commodities, through unusual import and export restrictions, the effort to apply quotas and contingents to commodities, and other devices to secure a foreign market by denying foreign nations an access to the domestic market. The Geneva Convention of 1927 put an end to the worst features of this type of economic autocracy, and in the course of the next few years they will be eliminated. Nevertheless, if the consequence is not a satisfactory participation in the world market, there is no doubt that the nations which feel themselves at an economic disadvantage will seek other means of exclusion and coercion to obtain their ends.

Sea power is, accordingly, made up of a diversity of factors, in which naval power is only one and that one not essential. Without the goods, the ships, the business facilities, the economic accessories and the governmental policies which underlie the present structure of international commerce, there would be no such thing as sea power. Naval power might survive in the form of marauding force, much as the northern pirates survived the destruction of Roman sea power, and pave the way for a new era of piracy and conquest. But sea power itself rests on the fact that the business of the sea is commerce, and it has created such conditions that naval power has been reduced to the secondary rôle of protection rather than, as was the case in past ages, the primary rôle of conquest.

Boy's Day

He burst from bed
At whistle of day.
His footsteps sped
To find his play
Where he'd laid it by;
It would not wait,
Was his eager cry,
For he is eight.

There were things to hear
And things to see,
With nothing to fear
At all, and he
Ran fast as the brook,
Ran fast at his chores,
Ran fast at his book.
Outdoors, indoors,

His body, his mind,
Till day had passed,
Ran fast as the wind,
Ran fast, ran fast!
He ran with his brother
Birds and flowers;
He brought his mother
A tale of the hours.

The light on his hair
He slipped into bed.
His ardent prayer
Not wholly said,
With dream steps fleet
That we could not number,
On phantom feet
He rushed into slumber.

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON.

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FROM TARSUS TO NEW YORK

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN THE first of the annual reports of the Catholic Charities of the Diocese of New York, published in 1922 and covering the first two years of the organization in its present form, there was quoted the following passage from a pastoral letter of Cardinal Hayes:

> The Church has been an example for nearly two thousand years of the power of organization. . . . We have adhered to this principle in doctrinal and disciplinary matters, and it would seem that in the field of charity, which has been called the Church in action, this great principle has vital significance. In fact, this principle ought to manifest itself in the most perfect of organized charities.

Emile Baumann, in his great biography of Saint Paul (one of the most notable of the many vivid and living books about the saints which today are appearing in every country, at once a proof and a manifestation of that tremendous resurgence of the faith which is the chief phenomenon of our times) graphically relates the beginning of organized charity by the Church 2,000 years ago. His book, together with Henri Lavedan's Life of Saint Vincent de Paul and Henri Ghéon's Life of the Curé of Ars, all chanced to come to our reviewing department at about the same time as the Catholic Charities report. So also did a report on homes for the aged, issued by the United States Department of Labor. They are like straws in the wind (weighty and important indeed as they are in themselves)—signs and tokens of the mighty wind of Catholic action which is blowing throughout the world today, and which is now stirring, in a special manner, New York's millions of Catholics.

From these books and documents we may gather a few reflections which not only deal with the immediate task confronting the Catholics of New York but which also have an interest to Catholics everywhere, and indeed to all men and women of good-will outside the Church as well as within it.

Let us glance first at Baumann's book. His opening pages deal with an enormous paradox: the grim figure of Saul of Tarsus, the terrible persecutor of the first Christians, taking part in the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, who might be truthfully enough called the leader of the first organized charity workers of the Church. Baumann tells us how the Twelve Apostles, Peter at their head, staggering under the tremendous responsibilities laid upon them, and being after all, in Newman's phrase, "men, not angels," made mistakes and fell into failures which forced them to face the need of distinguishing between the temporal and spiritual "business" of the infant Church.

The earliest Christians (as Saint Francis also was to attempt to do twelve centuries later) adopted literally and in an extreme fashion the counsel: "Be anxious not for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." As Baumann puts the matter:

> To observe this precept, they had pooled all their belongings. The rich had offered their revenues, sold their lands and houses, or given their homes to destitute brethren. Thus only the poor were left among the faithful. Their number was mounting beyond their resources, and it was becoming a complicated matter to meet all their requirements. The final outcome for each person individually might be the state of blessedness. But for the community, even at Jerusalem where five sparrows were sold for two farthings and a flask of oil for one, it would entail discomfitures. Not everyone showed the same yearning for perfection. Some felt that they came off badly in the daily apportionment. Widows, perhaps burdened with children, claimed more than others, and complaints arose accordingly.

To deal with this situation the Twelve, who desired unity and peace, and realized that the communal life would have to be better organized, took this occasion to appoint the Seven. Stephen had charge of works of charity, a man "full of grace and power," and disclosing preëminent gifts. When he was stoned to death, Paul, the future Apostle of Charity, stood by as a witness, fully approving the deed. But soon afterward, as the immortal story relates, Paul himself had taken up the work of Stephen, if not his official position. One of his first great tasks as a Christian was to collect the offerings made at Antioch to relieve the famine-stricken Christians at Jerusalem. And not only at Antioch; he organized drives and took up collections everywhere on his incessant travels.

But of course it was not simply because Stephen and the rest of the Seven were organized, and did their work in an organized fashion, that their work succeeded with a success that has continued uninterruptedly for nearly two thousand years; any more than it was the fact that Paul was an organizer, and played his own part in an organization, that makes his influence as potent today as it was twenty centuries ago.

Cardinal Hayes reveals the secret of their success in the pastoral letter already quoted from:

> The mission of the Church is always the same—today, yesterday and forever—namely, to bring God to man, and man to God, whether man be rich or poor, strong or weak, great or humble, contented or otherwise. The divine principle, law and perfection of Christian charity can suffer no change, though its operations may and should vary somewhat in divers times and places. If charity is not God, and God not charity, the Church might wisely abandon the field of charity to secular or-

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> ganizations of social service, or to civic and state agencies of public welfare. But the Church has a grace, a blessing, a gift from Christ in His presence and His love, that the unlimited wealth and resources of philanthropic foundations and governmental grants cannot secure or provide. Efficiency, no matter how scientific and desirable, cannot really make up for the absence of Christlike charity in dealing with God's poor. . . . The charity of Christ gives to human sympathy and help a heavenly touch and a spiritual power that reveal the Saviour so wonderfully human and man so sublimely divine. Christian charity is vitally concerned with the eternal as well as the temporal welfare of the individual.

Coming down across the ages from Saint Paul to Saint Vincent de Paul and the Curé of Ars, almost touching our own times, we have in the pages of Henri Lavedan and Ghéon the same pictures, if in other colors and of different figures, that Baumann paints of Saint Paul—namely, heroic men leading, inspiring, directing—in one word, organizing—their devoted and faithful followers, and with them laboring all their lives long to care for the orphaned, the sick, and those in prison, and those upon whom the weakness of age had fallen; and at the same time performing all their works in a glowing spirt of love, even of joy and of peace, because they knew that they were not merely helping other men and women to be better and more useful members of human society, but were leading their immortal souls onward toward everlasting life.

That this same task is being done today, here in the United States, as it was done in Palestine two thousand years ago, and in almost all parts of the world ever since, is one of those facts which are as obvious as the coming of day and night but which, just because of their obviousness, at times cease to stir us with the wonder and awe that they should command.

In the report of the United States Department of Labor referred to above, dealing with the single subject of the care of the aged, we are told that the Catholics of the United States support more than one-third of the total number of homes for the aged conducted by religious bodies, containing considerably more than half of the total number of such unfortunates. Yet Catholics number less than one-fifth of the population.

How great the need was for the organization of charity in the greatest city of the new world was revealed by its Archbishop when he told his clergy in 1919 that even he "did not know fully the field of charity in New York, and did not completely understand its problems, its limits, its unoccupied areas." As the first step toward such knowledge and understanding he made that extensive, thorough, scientific survey the success of which has been the foundation of the organized work that has grown since then to such magnificent proportions. The survey proved, of course, that there already existed a great variety of charitable activities, all working effectively, quietly, motivated by the same spirit that moved Stephen and Paul and the unending line of their successors; but it also showed that four great weaknesses existed: lack of unification (which of course meant also a lack of adequate direction) lack of sufficient funds to improve existing agencies, the need for the extension of charitable works in many sections of the diocese, and the need of a greater coöperation on the part of the laity with the clergy and the nuns.

More than twenty thousand lay people were enrolled the next year in the three hundred parishes of the diocese as a special committee, bringing into active service a vast and increasing number of men and women who not only labored in the collection of funds, but interested themselves in the works for which the funds were collected. With their coöperation, the new organization set up as a result of the survey dealt with the other problems. Unification and coördination were effected, the great annual drive for funds was successfully established, so that the existing agencies were improved, and new works were inaugurated. The State Board of Charities, the official supervisory body of the state, in its report to the legislature in 1920 characterized the formation of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York as "the most significant and important event of the year in the field of charitable work."

The first year's collection was nearly a million dollars, and about that amount has been gathered each year. In 1928, however, nearly a million and a half was gathered, of which $69,000 came from the funds raised by the New York Times and the Evening Post and entrusted to Catholic Charities for expenditure.

This year, New York should raise $2,000,000 for Catholic Charities. The Archbishop tells why:

> The problem that continues to vex us is family relief. Of course it is an economic and industrial difficulty which confronts city, state, and nation. I do not know that an adequate solution is within sight. Amid exceptional prosperity in many quarters, depression and unemployment have strained and will strain at our resources.

All of which means that, again and as always since Stephen, the first organized charity worker, began his work for the Church 2,000 years ago, it is the little children and the mothers who are suffering—in the midst of such wealth and luxury as never since the world began have been so heaped up and flaunted in one place as today in New York.

"Prosperity," that modern idol, means nothing, or worse than nothing, in a Christian sense, unless those who have possessed themselves of its fruits remember those many thousands for whom there is no such thing as prosperity—for whom, and their children, and their aged, and their sick; and not only remember them, but help them.

It is to be hoped that New York's 1929 collection for its Catholic Charities will prove that it is in action as never before, establishing a new high mark. It is what it does, and what it is, more than what it says, that speaks for the Catholic Church.

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LO, THE POOR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR!

By ALAN DEVOE

SO RAPID has been the recent growth of the autograph-collecting population in our country that there are established dealers in old letters whose shops flourish in much the same manner as those of the antique seller or the corner cigar vendor. You have only to call up any one of several urbane gentlemen in the mid-town district of New York, and within a few hours you may own an original letter of Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln or whomever you choose. Such is the high-priced commercial aspect of autograph collecting. The yellowed leaves of a Byronic manuscript rest in the steel safe of a business executive, while the intricacies of selling such a manuscript are suggestive of the most complex stock-market maneuvers. With all this commercialization of the autograph trade, it is well that there are still collectors who cannot afford to attend the feverish auctions, but must seek out their precious items in a less sensational and more pleasing way.

When I began to collect autographs I encountered, like every beginner, a number of discouragements. There was the matter of price. Having visited the only three dealers that I knew of, I felt that my acquaintance with prices was representative. Disheartened by such offerings as a signed holograph letter of Paul Verlaine for fifty dollars, I feared for a while that I should have to leave untouched the field of old documents and manuscripts and renew the collecting of postage stamps or some similarly dismal pastime. A few weeks after my first venture, however, I learned of a man who was said to have a vast stock of remarkable items at very low prices. Immediately I took the opportunity of calling upon this gentleman, reputedly ignorant of current values and further said to be somewhat senile. I found him in a modern office, scarcely in accord with the alleged archaicism of his business methods, engaged in downing a brimming cup of hot tea. Upon hearing my hesitant requests, he beamed with spectacled benevolence and proffered for my inspection a bulging portfolio; this done, he paid me no further attention and returned to his tea.

Each document in the mounded heap bore the earmarks of inestimable antiquity. There were crumbling parchments, so jaundiced with age and coated with the dust of centuries as to be illegible, and there were huge sheafs of folio vellum covered with the minute script of seventeenth-century France. I glanced at the proprietor and coughed, fingering a piece of quarto sheepskin. He looked up and took the item, scrutinizing it near-sightedly while I waited on pins and needles for his edict. Presently he looked up again and said laconically, "Two-fifty," and at once resumed his consumption of tea. For a moment I was uncertain whether to understand that the price was $2.50 or $250. The parchment gave no hint as to its exact identity; I simply was aware that it was very old, and that in such a quantity of writing there must be something of interest. Taking two dollar bills and two quarters from my pocket, still half expecting to be greeted with some withering rebuff, I handed them to the old gentlemen. He nodded, said a gruff farewell, and I hastily went out.

For three hours that night I pored over my acquisition with a reading-glass, my excitement increasing with the deciphering of each new word. Phrases such as "de Sa Majesté" and "mil deux cent livres" stirred the wildest imaginings. By the end of the week I felt so convinced of its historical value that I paid the old man another visit. He was, I remember, drinking tea upon this occasion also, and indeed I later learned that he was almost always so engaged. I had come well prepared to avail myself of what seemed a matchless opportunity, and a pretty penny had been dispensed before I finally departed with a great stack of unclassified and moldering vellum. During a space of several months I paid many visits to the venerable tea-taster, and built up a sizeable collection of intriguingly ancient deeds, letters, wills and charters. On only one occasion did I pay more than "two-fifty" for an item, and that was when I purchased a small worm-eaten page scrawled over in feudal England and rumored to be something of great historic value. "Great historic value!" How much that phrase means now to me.

I suppose it is scarcely necessary to say that the great bulk of my decaying documents have never been deciphered. Only a glance, once one has mastered early scripts, suffices to show that they are all petty transactions and legal accounts, dry as the dust with which they are impregnated. Last summer, while pottering about the Quai Voltaire in Paris, I saw one of these musty items among the litter presided over by a dirty bouquiniste. I fished it forth and inquired the price. There ensued much gesticulation and repeated assurances that what I had unearthed was of great "eestoric value." The price because of the raise in rents and I forget what else, would be ten francs. That was $.40, as the exchange then stood. Yes, that assurance of "great historic value" has come to mean much. It is almost enough to discourage my purchase.

Almost every beginner goes through the antique-parchment period of autograph collecting and it does much to build up his store of knowledge. While the period was, for me, rather ruinous financially, I had a great deal of pleasure while the ignorance lasted, pleasure which the millionaire collectors never get to know. Gradually I passed on into the next stage of the game, known as the "autograph-of-somebody-or-other" stage. It is during this period that one buys

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great numbers of neat autograph letters, bargains all of them, signed by sixth sons of eighth marquises and similar pseudo-celebrities.

It was a Manhattan dealer who effected my complete conversion to this collecting cult. In his great steel cabinets were clean white letters, pressed and immaculate, labeled with convincing biographical data, and not infrequently accompanied by portraits of the obscure signers. In my portfolios to this day repose letters by statesmen with preposterous names like Armand Louis Jean Jacques Pierre de Ruisseau, all undoubtedly genuine but none the less unimpressive. Many a weary hour have I spent in the library, hunting through the great Larousse for an account of my Jean J. Filassier, the "celebrated jurist, writer and agriculturist," whose indignant letter anent asparagus culture found its way into my collection in exchange for the price of a dinner at a first-class hotel. Poor old Filassier! I finally treed him, as Mark Twain put it, in a book on French fruits, where he was mentioned in a two-line foot-note. I can forgive the dealer for selling me those wretched letters, for I afterward received from the same source the background of the knowledge that has served me in my later collecting. It was from this dealer that I first heard of the profit (often 300 percent) made on each sale by the commercial autograph trader of today.

Now and then the impecunious autograph seeker runs across a find which, while not of great market value, is more prized by him than a whole flock of signatures of that Declarer of Independence whose name became a byword a year or so ago. It was while looking for a letter of Aubrey Beardsley that I accidentally discovered a vastly human document in the hand of a now almost forgotten poet, Thomas Hood. Poor old Hood was dying when he prepared the document, but his failing strength did not prevent indulgence in the Hoodian love of detail. On the four quarto pages are penned as many thousand words, in a cramped microscopic script, and in that space the poet narrates the whole story of a period in his life. He has been robbed and cheated, payments for his Up the Rhine are slow, and there are 1,500 pathetic words devoted to a recital of his gruesome symptoms, the marks of the disease which he could not bring himself to admit was afflicting him. He tells us that he was able to write a little, albeit painfully, in bed, and that save for spasms of coughing he got along very well. He closes with the expression, "Feeling that the best spirits are my best friends, I do not long requiesce in melancholy broodings." It cost me $10.00.

Besides the almost universal appeal of the past, there is another attraction in these old letters. There is the revelation that great generals and statesmen had the same human qualities as ourselves, and were concerned with the same trivial little matters. The commanding Marshal d'Estrées would perhaps not like to be remembered by a letter of his that I have. He writes in considerable agitation to know when "pour l'amour de Dieu," the gardener is going to bring him the long-promised supply of resin; he would also like to know how his horses are to be kept comfortable unless the repairs to his barn, for which he has contracted, are made. I do not know what the Marshal purposed to do with his resin, but I hope he finally got it. Prince Talleyrand, the most astute diplomatist of France, need not have been worried by money matters. Yet in a letter to a real-estate agent, or someone holding a similar position, he is most particular about not paying too much for the estate for sale at Valençay. The situation? The manner of payment? The antecedents of the seller? All these things are bothering him.

Among all these pleasant reflections on statesmen and warriors, and these spotlights on the little foibles and idiosyncrasies of the great, there are one or two grisly touches. There is, for instance, a commentary on the period just preceding the French Revolution. A verdict of a Paris court condemns one Georges Langlume, a domestic servant, to be "pendu et étrangle" (hung and strangled) for the theft of a few toilet accessories from his master's effects. Apparently the redundant phrasing was a part of the legal formula, and not an unwholesome jest on the part of the sentencing magistrate.

My autograph collection has come to mean a great deal, probably more than a library, for the reason that it is so essentially personal. I never lose interest in the devious chase after new pieces, a chase that has led me into all sorts of remote corners of New York and of several other cities. There is always the same thrill attendant upon a discovery, and the same delicious sensation of having spent just a little more than I could well afford. While there are still autograph letters and documents to be had at such prices as I have paid, and while there is still the necessity of dredging slums and probing into queer out-of-the-way places in search of them, I do not think I would change my tactics for the easy acquisition made possible to the wealthiest collector alive.

In the Face of Failure

I wonder shall I see spring come this year?
A score of Aprils I have asked the same,
Dreaming at last to learn the miracle game:
Winds woven of delight; skies intimate, near;
Small, inexperienced, perfect leaves; the dear
Young rain; a quick green devastating flame
Sweeping the world; then the ineffable Name
Spoken with certainty. So—spring is here.

And all my foresight leaves me unprepared.
Occultly bonds are broken, cerements tattered;
I only know by Whom, for I have dared
To let myself be caught divinely, shattered
By spring. If ultimate secrets I had shared
I must have died. Then nothing else had mattered.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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COMMUNICATIONS

AN ENDURING ANTI-CATHOLIC TRADITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The paragraphs which I am enclosing herewith are taken from a letter which I wrote to a prominent lawyer a few days ago. Occasionally this gentleman writes letters to the daily papers on various subjects that command his interest. His most recent production of this kind was a letter to a metropolitan newspaper on the treaty and concordat between the Pope and the Italian government, in which he made the flat declaration that Catholics throughout the world are now bound to the Pope by civil as well as spiritual loyalty. The day following the appearance of this statement, I wrote him a brief note assuring him that he was entirely mistaken. Upon receiving from him a long letter by way of reply, I sent him the letter from which the paragraphs quoted below have been taken. In a short reply to this communication of mine, he informs me that the reason he offered no authorities or argument in support of his statement regarding the allegiance of Catholics to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was because he was not in a position to spend the necessary amount of time, labor and research. Apparently, he is "of the same opinion still." He has no facts at hand to support his contention, but he thinks that they exist somewhere and he opposes this impression to my positive statement that the Catholic doctrine is not in accord with his impression. In other words, he believes that my statement of the Catholic doctrine is based either upon ignorance or upon a deliberate intention to deceive.

Here we have a typical illustration of the malignant influence of the anti-Catholic tradition of falsehood. Undoubtedly this man at some time read in some printed publication in which he had confidence the assertion that Catholics owe civil allegience to the Pope. When he is requested to adduce evidence for this assertion and is unable to do so, he does not admit that he was wrong, but apparently falls back upon the assumption that my contrary statement is a falsehood. Yet he is a man whose education and experience places him far above the intellectual level of the average person whom we are tempted to call an anti-Catholic bigot. Such is the enduring and baffling influence which is wielded by a hostile tradition.

The excerpts from my letter to this gentleman follow:

"You say that you are 'still persuaded' that Catholics owe allegiance to the Pope as a temporal sovereign. I am sure that you cannot appreciate the reaction felt by Catholics to statements such as this. We ought to know better than anyone outside our ranks what the Catholic teaching is on any matter with which it deals. Yet when we assert with all the authority that is available that the Catholic doctrine on such and such a question is so and so, we are not infrequently told by non-Catholics that we are wrong and that our real doctrine is something else. No evidence is ever presented to support such denials. In the present case, I, who am supposed to know something about the Catholic doctrine on political allegiance, state that it does not include loyalty to the Pope as a temporal sovereign by any Catholics except those who are members of his one-eighth of a square mile of territory. In reply, you simply tell me that you 'are persuaded' that I am wrong. I venture to say that you would not adopt this attitude with regard to the teaching or principles of any other organization. As a believer in the scientific method of dealing with such situations you would endeavor to set forth the grounds upon which your dissent was based.

"A second statement of fact in your letter which I wish to notice is that concerning the assumed exemption of the Italian Catholic clergy from the operation of the criminal laws of Italy. There is no mention of this in the official summary of the provisions of the concordat. While it may be included among them, we have no sufficient ground as yet for asserting that such is the case. At any rate, an arrangement that would be undesirable in the United States, as I freely confess, might be quite desirable in a Catholic country like Italy. One of the curious manifestations of unconscious intolerance that exists in this country is the assumption that political and civil policies which are established here and which we accept without question, are necessarily of universal validity.

"The final statement of fact to which I should like to refer is that the religious teaching in the public schools of Italy will include instruction to the effect that all persons belonging to other religions than the Catholic are 'heretics who will receive and merit damnation.' To what extent this invidious word 'heretic' is, or will be, used in Italian schools, I have no means of knowing, but I venture to guess that it will not be greatly stressed. I have never heard of its being employed in the parochial schools in the United States, except in a very technical and non-offensive fashion. In no Catholic school in any country is the doctrine taught that all members of non-Catholic denominations 'receive and merit damnation.' The authoritative teaching on this point is that all persons who die repentant of their sins and honestly believing that their form of religion is the true one will be saved. All such persons are said, in technical language, to 'belong to the soul of the Church,' although outside its corporate organization. Will you please accept my assurance that this *is* the Catholic doctrine, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary by men like Bishop Cannon?"

REV. JOHN A. RYAN,
Director, Department of Social Action,
National Catholic Welfare Conference.

THE PERILS OF PEYOTE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Under the pressing necessity of filling space for the next issue or with the main idea of creating discussion and thereby making copy for future issues, editors sometimes express views on subjects on which they evidently have no more exact information than that provided by a popular encyclopedia. Because many editorials are useless and some worse than useless, the writer himself conducts a magazine for American Indian missions without any editorial section. Sincerely, one reason for that policy is the inability of this writer even remotely to approach in excellence the average editorial in The Commonweal. But sometimes the scissors are mightier than the pen. The quotations given below may prove that adage. Contrast these authoritative statements with the editorial in The Commonweal of March 27 which defends the use of peyote by Indians.

The United States Congress has classified peyote as "a deleterious drug."

Doctor Ales Hrdlicka, ethnologist, United States National

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Museum, states: "While the effects of peyote are not so violent or quite so harmful as those of alcohol, they are nevertheless deleterious, and the use of the drug should be discouraged, and if possible prohibited. The effects of the drug manifest themselves very largely in nervous stimulation, and, in cases where larger doses are taken, in a sort of intoxication. These conditions, if repeated for a length of time, are bound not only to cause a permanent harm to the individual addicted to the mescal, but they also become a source of other abnormal conditions. The habitual use of peyote must be classed with the habitual use of drugs such as morphine or cocaine."

Before a Senate committee, Doctor Harvey W. Wiley declared: "It is a drug addiction, pure and simple."

To the question, "What is the moral, mental and physical effect produced by the use of peyote?" a question submitted in 1919 by the Office of Indian Affairs to superintendents, inspectors, officials, physicians and others interested, including missionaries, 302 answers were received. The answers are summarized by Doctor Robert E. L. Newberne, Chief Medical Supervisor of the United States Indian Service, in a pamphlet entitled Peyote. The answer follows:

"With the exception of three agencies, all the reports assert that the moral, mental and physical effects of peyote are detrimental. The following descriptive terms and expressions are taken from the various answers to this question, and arranged in the order in which they appeared in the interrogatory:

" 'Moral effects. Debasing, deadens moral sensibilities, tends to immorality, tends to licentiousness; makes its victims liars; morally degenerating; weakens resistance power; has the same effect as liquor on morals; like opium; like any other drug habit; eliminates moral power; it is a surprise to me and appears to be to everyone else, for if anything could be said in favor of the continuation of its use it would be that it probably will exterminate those who use it; weakens the moral fibre; lowers moral efficiency; degrading in every particular; degrading and degenerating; leads to sexual perversion; makes degenerates out of the Indians; it ruins those who use it mentally, morally, and physically; continued use of peyote causes mental, moral, and physical degeneration; weakens in every respect; increases immorality without a doubt.

" 'Mental effects. Increases the imagination; makes its victims non-committal; produces visions; makes the mind stupid; deadens the intellect; stupefies; produces lethargy; makes the mind stupid, especially in children; weakens will power and opinions; causes the user to lose interest; stimulates the mind at first, followed by reaction; acts like opium or morphine; degrading in every particular; its use produces stupor; weakens them mentally; those who have the habit are indolent, shiftless and have no fixed purpose; the continued use of peyote makes the users dead-headed and stupid.' "

From the days of the Franciscan padre, Bernardino Sahagun, who, before 1569, described the effects of the drug on the Chichimeca Indians of Texas, to the time of the late director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Monsignor William H. Ketcham, who gathered the testimony of present-day missionaries, every Catholic Indian missionary who has observed the effects of the drug has agreed with the statement of the Jesuit, Father José Ortega, who, in 1754, wrote in his account of the Indians of Nayarit that peyote is a "raiz diabolica," a diabolical root.

In a handbook published in 1760 by Father Bartholome Garcia for the use of Franciscan missionaries to the Indians of San Antonio, Texas, appear the following significant questions for examination of conscience of Indians:

"Have you eaten human flesh?" "Have you eaten peyote?"

In a very true sense the latter was worse than the former, because to eat the drug habitually was to destroy oneself physically, mentally and morally.

Fortunately the evil is at present limited to a few tribes. Many Indians are aware of its dangers. At least seven states passed laws against it. But a federal statute is needed placing peyote distinctly under the Harrison Anti-narcotic Law.

Rt. Rev. William Hughes,
Director, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

WHAT'S BACK OF THE SCREEN?

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

To the Editor:—Is there necessarily, as you seem to imply, any opposition between my views on the art of the screen and those of Mr. Irving McDonald? There is a well-known distinction in philosophy between "finis operis" and "finis operantis." The purpose of a work may be aesthetic, while the purpose of the worker may be quite mercenary. The watchmaker's main object may be his salary, but his watch will have to keep time, else he will not long have his salary.

That the pictures have improved artistically Mr. McDonald admits and it cannot be denied, but I should not deny an aesthetic status even to what he calls "the lowest form of organized amusement" found in the first motion pictures. If "amusement," it was aesthetic; it was intellectual pleasure from fiction, and what is that but artistic pleasure? Of course the amusement had to be "organized," made mentally palatable in some way. Aesthetic pleasure is unselfish and unsensual; it is the pleasure of mental contemplation, and if the public did not get mental delight from the pictures, all the money in the world would not draw the crowds. Your travelogues may be as fine and expensive as you wish, but could the motion pictures exist on landscapes or science or history? Evidently not.

Mr. McDonald calls attention to the fact that if a director is successful with a type of story, there will be innumerable copies of what is successful. That is true in all arts: in music, in painting, in sculpture, in architecture. In that very competition I see a reason why the screen must be artistic and must continue to improve artistically. Even the most sordid sensual appeal must try to veil itself under the garb of beauty, and must excite the mental activity of a story, otherwise the people would shun it. Take humor and aesthetic appeal away from Sins, Scandals, Follies and the like, and no human being could endure them.

Mr. Fox has been educated beyond the Theda Bara type of spectacle and now engages the finest actors and the best plays. I do not suppose that he is necessarily actuated by more than financial considerations, though I hope he is, but he knows that he has competitors, he knows that every picture educates those who see it, and he knows that if he does not give a good artistic performance, the people will go elsewhere.

Even if there should be some difference of opinion between Mr. McDonald and myself about the present state of the motion pictures, I feel sure that he, as an artistic story-teller himself, is at one with me in desiring to see in the future more attention to art and not undue consideration of profits in the products of the screen. Plautus was, I think, more popular than Mr. McDonald states, and, if not he, Shakespeare in his day was artistic and drew the people, although he had his eye on his box-office too.

Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

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MR. BORAH'S BIG GUNS

Allston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Your recent article on Mr. Borah's Big Guns calls for comment.

Ever since that "solemn referendum" of 1920, the proponents of the Genevan league, disregarding the voice of democracy, have proceeded, probably upon the theory of government by "intelligent minorities," to attach us, willy-nilly, to the inseparable offspring of the treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations and the World Court.

In the League they have provided us with groups of unofficial observers, and on the bench of the World Court a continuity of unrepresentative members; they have bemoaned our isolation as though we had become the outcasts of society, and in order to minimize the strength of the opposition, out of a senatorial majority antagonistic to their program they have selected a few senators to be the special targets of their fearsome epithet "irreconcilable," meaning, maybe, unregenerate. All who venture to doubt their wisdom are assailed by a chorus of "jingoism," "chauvinism" and sundry other appeals to passion rather than to reason, the whole performance being highly suggestive of a well-drilled orchestra and chorus; but who is wielding the baton?

All of this is carried off with a grand air of taking for granted that which has to be proved; viz., that the purpose or effect of the treaty and of its progeny, the Siamese twins, is the outlawry of war instead of the preservation of the spoils of war by means of a world balance of power to replace the lost European balance.

A cause which is already cocksure of victory in contempt of the people's vote and of the Senate's treaty powers now urges us to go in because it is so easy to get out. But it is still more easy to stay out. Imagine the chorus of cant from the same folk which would greet any effort to retire!

"Should you withdraw from my parlor," said the spider, "you will do so without any imputation of unfriendliness or unwillingness to coöperate."

When the nations get ready to stop the struggle for supremacy and abandon envy, greed and hate, there will be hope of a lasting peace, but the history of the past ten years gives little evidence of such a disposition.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

SCOUTING

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In a New York newspaper some time ago the statement was made that the distinctively Catholic national Scout organizations of Europe do not belong to the International Union. Recently this statement was repeated by a correspondent in your columns.

I have written to Mr. Hubert S. Martin, the Director of the Boy Scouts International Bureau in London, for a definite statement on this point, and I enclose a photostatic copy of his reply:

"Let me assure you at once that the statement to which you refer respecting the distinctively Catholic national associations of Europe, that 'since they are organized along religious lines they do not belong to the international union,' is wholly untrue. So far from 'discriminating against Catholic organization,' the real fact is that a considerable number of the national Scout associations affiliated to the International Bureau are definitely Catholic. To quote only three examples—the Scouts de France, The B. P. Belgian Scouts, and the Spanish Scout Association are all members of the International Bureau, and are all definitely Catholic organizations.

"In several countries of Europe the Catholic authorities have not thought it necessary to have a separate organization but have been quite content to organize definitely Catholic troops within the one national association. That is the case in Great Britain where there are large numbers of Catholic troops all within the Boy Scouts Association of Great Britain. I may mention that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is himself a member of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association here.

"Any statement that Scouting as an international movement has ever discriminated aaginst Catholics is wholly without foundation.

"In conclusion I may mention that several of the members of our International Committee are themselves Catholics."

I hope that you will be kind enough to publish Mr. Martin's letter in your correspondence columns.

REV. PAUL HANLY FURFEY,
The Catholic University of America.

PRAISE FOR THE COMMONWEAL

Orange, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I am a regular reader of The Commonweal, which is on file in our town library. Although a Protestant I am one of those who enjoy the reading of this weekly on account, chiefly, of its high literary qualities, and also on account of its general "tone," as one might say.

A set of The Catholic Encyclopedia (old edition) is in our town library. From time to time I look up articles in this scholarly work. Now do not misunderstand me, I am a Protestant, but have splendid Catholic friends, and for years have endeavored to read up on all sides possible of all questions.

I attended a small New England college whose doors were open to Protestants, Catholics and Jews without discrimination. No one can deplore more than myself these unhappy relations between the different religions, or rather between the people of different religious beliefs. While personally I feel no difficulty in these matters, I am constantly aware that multitudes of others do keep things "stirred up," and all to my perplexity of mind in trying to think of some way to help remedy the situation.

I shall continue reading The Commonweal, however, as I suppose there is no law against it! Meanwhile, perhaps the years of the future may yet bring about in this land of ours a more happy situation. Just how I do not know.

REV. GEORGE L. MASON.

SAINT FRANCIS

Annapolis, Md.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for February 27, Dorothy Bennett has a poem on Saint Francis which is truly Franciscan in its freshness and simplicity of spirit. There is, however, one point of difference with the singer of the Laudes Creaturarum. He invoked Death as "Sora Nostra Morte Corporale" and not as Messer Death, as Dorothy Bennett has done.

W. A. P. MARTIN.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Security

RATHER to one's amazement, one discovers that underneath the suavities of this English play, in which Margaret Anglin is the star, its heroine is a murderess. I say "to one's amazement" not because the play has any of the elements of a mystery yarn or of a melodrama, but because this essential point is so well covered up by dramatic mishandling that it is almost lost, along with everything else that might make the theme of the play clear and persuasive.

The author, Esme Wynne-Tyson, has chosen to write about a wife who has persistently and for years sacrificed all personal feelings and pride to the security of her home and the welfare of her children. She has known about her husband's numerous infidelities, but has deemed it the part of wisdom to ignore them, to defend him before the world, and to prevent, if possible, his making any open confession to her of his wanderings. This has established, at least, a modus vivendi, under which her daughters have grown up without the shadow of a divided home. One of them has married, and the other is engaged. Then a situation arises in which concealment becomes almost impossible. James Mapleson discovers his secretary a suicide. He himself is to blame for the condition which prompted her act. His previous attentions to her are a matter of public gossip. There is to be an inquest. Jane Mapleson (Margaret Anglin) is faced by the choice between maintaining her outward faith in him, even to the point of clearing him by false evidence at the inquest, or accepting the flood of evidence supplied her by friends and gossips. She chooses the first course for the sake of her daughters.

But James Mapleson needs the relief of open confession. When the inquest is all over and he has been cleared, he insists on telling his wife the truth, in spite of every warning she can give him. Then it is that the flood-gates of the years break down. After this confession she no longer finds compromise possible. If he had had the strength and courage to keep his own secret (she tells him) they might have gone on as before. But now he has added cowardice to his other offenses. Pretense is no longer possible between them. She will leave him. He pleads the good of the children, but even this will no longer hold her back. For the second time since his secretary's death, he mentions suicide as the best way out—whereupon, looking at him very calmly, Jane Mapleson agrees with him. In the third act, six months later, we learn that he has taken her opinion as final and killed himself—all of which might serve as the theme of a very strong, even if repellant play, about a woman who hesitates at nothing to smooth the pathway of her children and of her own pretense. But curiously enough, the third act is so inept, and so remote in mood, temper and problem from the first two, that the real point seems to vanish in a mist. Instead of realizing that Mrs. Mapleson had really urged her husband to his death, you might think that she merely made a rather careless remark, and that its tragic consequence was unforeseen and accidental.

The third act, in fact, merely carries us a step forward in her life of deliberate security, showing that she marries a prominent diplomat, somewhat against her own inclinations, as a means of bringing pressure to bear on a recalcitrant son-in-law who is intending to divorce her daughter. In other words, she still wants to smooth the path of her children at any and every cost to herself. This might be a very plausible sequence to an interesting character study, but whatever real drama inheres in Security centers around the mental murder theme. That central fact really precludes all milder forms of character inquiry, and demands a third act which bears on it directly—a third act coming the morning after her husband's death, letting us glimpse the very depths of the soul of a woman who can incite the death of her own husband for the supposed protection of her children's ease of mind. By failing to give us such a third act, the author has lost the core of his drama.

Miss Anglin's own personality, her power to dominate situations, and her skill at conveying delicate shades of meaning by a mere gesture or glance all contribute to a reasonably sustained interest during the first two acts. Nor is she less skilful in the third act. But the play itself is against her, and what might have been an important part becomes, on the whole, rather meaningless. Marjorie Gateson, Thurston Hall and Reginald Mason contribute several good moments in the supporting cast, but the play is, I am afraid, destined for the limbo of all interesting ideas which fail to achieve real dramatic expression. (At the National Theatre.)

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH, by Harry James Smith, remains a first-class comedy, or rather farce, of social snobbery—not very important in the way of shedding new light on an age-old subject, but highly diverting in its broad method, and to the last degree suited to the inimitable genius of Mrs. Fiske for rich comedy.

The Rawson's Long Island home is the scene of events, and the central character is, of course, Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh (Mrs. Fiske) whose efforts to achieve a distinguished marriage for her younger sister attain something approaching classic proportions. For you must remember that Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, in spite of her carefully arranged marriage to an inoccuous English curate, remains essentially the daughter of Jim Sales, the patent medicine king, whose pious face and upraised hand once served to sell millions of bottles of Elixir to the American public. After his death, his eldest daughter took the family in hand, moved them to Washington, changed their name to De Salle, and slowly but surely set their awkward feet upon the social ladder. The sojourn in England further improved the family accent, and, as the present play opens, we find them installed in the Rawson home, the young daughter engaged to one of the sons, and everything set for a climax to Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's life work. Unfortunately a death in a neighbor's family has brought to the scene a middle-western expert in tombstones named Peter Swallow, who was once engaged to Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh in her Sales days, and who had many times held her unceremoniously in his lap. The core of the comedy comes with the scene in which Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh brazens out her meeting with Swallow, and convinces him against all his personal convictions that she most emphatically is not the girl who used to sit on his lap. How delightfully she calls him Mr. Sparrow, and again Mr. Shallow, and how deliciously the English accent, and the French phrases trip off her tongue! No one can quite equal Mrs. Fiske in the handling of such a scene. If you try to find out just why, you are apt to be baffled, but the chances are that her main

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resource is her infallible sense of timing lines. An unnecessary instant of hesitation, and the comedy would seem forced. A lack of hesitation, and the comedy simply would not exist. But with Mrs. Fiske the precise timing comes as spontaneously and joyously as the measures of a waltz.

The present production has the added relish of a really excellent supporting cast, particularly in the case of Sidney Toler as the loquacious Peter Swallow, and of that grand old stage person, Stella Mayhew, as Mrs. De Salle, the incorrigibly vulgar mother of Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, who is safe from detection only when utterly silent. Dallas Welford is there, too, as the perfect old-time butler, and several youngsters grace the juvenile parts capably enough to keep the evening speeding along. It remains true, however, that, if the play's the thing, Mrs. Fiske is the play. And that is hearty enough recommendation for anyone. (At the Klaw Theatre.)

Jonesy

ANNE MORRISON and John Peter Toohey have collaborated most successfully in this sprightly farce-comedy of a boy's overnight snapping of the apron strings. Jonesy is the kind of play that highbrows get snobbish about, and that all the rest of the world enjoys hugely because, underlying its commonplace hokum and its elaborate farce situations, there is a basis of sound thinking and human truth.

It is not essentially different from a dozen other comedies of American life in small cities, but in the manner of its telling and in the expert acting there is a mellowness which probably sends a shiver down the back of the sophisticate, and correspondingly warms the heart of the playgoer who simply likes to be well entertained and to catch occasionally bits of homely wisdom beneath a spontaneous laugh. At least three characters stand out with more than usual individuality and fulness of development. These are: Jonesy, the boy who has not been allowed to grow up; his mother, who combines complete charm with considerable lack of common sense; and his father, a not too successful lawyer who yet manages, at a crucial moment, to gain his son's understanding by treating him unexpectedly as a man. Of course, during the run of the comedy, each in turn is made ridiculous and, as you might expect, it is Jonesy who saves the entire family from an appalling situation by his sudden development of initiative and gumption. But the point to be noted—the one that lifts Jonesy a trifle above the average run of small-town comedies—is that the boy's change of character is given full and complete motivation, and brought about so naturally and humanly that it carries conviction aside from the details of the plot. This is a rather rare quality. Most playwrights are too anxious to speed along a good comedy, and do not realize the enhancement that comes from leisurely character development. The authors of Jonesy have combined action and character in just the right proportions to assure a happy and comforting result.

An exceedingly fine cast gives the finishing touch to the occasion. Donald Meek as the father is second to none when it comes to humanizing farce. Spring Byington as the youthful and delightful mother lends no small distinction of speech and manner to what might have been taken merely as a caricature rôle. Raymond Guion is Jonesy, and a splendid transition he makes of it from the awkward calf love of the first act to the unconsciously acquired manhood of the last. Then, too, there is Nydia Westman, with her inimitable slate-pencil voice, as a determined little seeker after a husband, Kate Mayhew as the motherly servant, and Eloise Keeler as the outspoken younger sister. (At the Bijou Theatre.)

BOOKS

More About Mortality

What Is the Mind? by George W. T. Patrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Your Mind in Action, by F. A. Moss. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

PROFESSOR PATRICK'S book represents a type of philosophical writing that has become popular since Will Durant made a success of it in his Story of Philosophy. The editor of the Philosophy for the Layman Series chose a competent expositor of recent trends in philosophical psychology when he selected George W. T. Patrick for the task. His book is popularly written, simple in style, clear in statement, yet by no means banal in content. Pertinent contributions from a score of eminent living philosophers are skilfully handled without giving the impression of a catalogue of opinions.

After a sketchy chapter of historical introduction the author carries on a sustained discussion of the broad problems of contemporary psychology, which he endeavors to interpret philosophically in the last four chapters of his work.

Professor Patrick's personal answer to the question, "What is the mind?" is neither original nor convincing. Behavioristic dogmas, shorn however of their mechanical determinism, are fused with biological theories borrowed from the emergent evolutionists to form a sort of eclectic solution in which fragments of Watson, Wundt, Darwin, Bergson and Loyd Morgan are distinguishable.

One feels inclined to applaud such statements as "Philosophy and religion must never again be divorced from science"—as one may applaud similar statements by A. N. Whitehead. But when our author expatiates on "formative forces," "creative synthesis," "organismic efforts," and when he tells us that speech, for example, is "a gift," not the result of a predetermined evolution, may we not reasonably ask, "Who is the Former of forces, the Creator of syntheses, the Organizer of efforts and the Giver of all good gifts?" Some advanced thinkers, like Professor Lovejoy, may consider it folly to cling to the principle "ex nihilo nihil fit," but most men simply cannot help it.

Your Mind in Action is quite a different sort of book from Patrick's work. Aside from the first chapter, which is devoted to the defense of a number of gratuitous assumptions labeled The Basic Principles of Behavior, Professor Moss's volume contains a most interesting account of the applications of psychology to practical life. Were one bent on being captious, many minor points might be critically challenged. But as a popular book on psychology this work achieves its author's purpose.

Professor Moss lays before the reader a variety of facts concerning the mechanism of thought, the play of emotion and the processes of psychological reaction. Determining forces in human behavior—drives and resistances, Moss calls them—are described and illustrated by examples: the influence on behavior of individual differences—differences of race, sex, age, heredity, environment—are intelligently discussed; and finally, the applications of the findings of psychology to professional and industrial problems—in medicine, law, advertising, business management, politics and education—are rather thoroughly gone into.

Most of the facts recorded are supported by experimental evidence and the discussion of their application, though obvi-

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ously the work of a psychologist convinced of the importance of psychology for the solutions of the problems of practical life, cannot be regarded as utopian. Discounting an occasional lapse into a smug confidence in the future of science and the inevitability of its conquests—a conviction more prevalent among popularizers than among great leaders in scientific thought—this book provides both entertainment and useful information upon an important subject.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Mississippi Valley Catholicism

History of the Archdiocese of St. Louis in Its Various Stages of Development from 1673 to 1928, by John Rothensteiner. St. Louis: Privately published. Two volumes.

THESE two sumptuous volumes cover the history of the archdiocese of St. Louis from the coming of the missionaries to the Mississippi Valley in the seventeenth century to the consecration of the majestic new cathedral in the summer of 1926. The author has done his work well. He brought to his task a patient spirit of investigation and he has acquitted himself in a broad, scholarly and tolerant spirit. The figures of many men of many races and from many lands pass across his pages, and he has recorded, as far as space and material would permit, whatever they did not only in building up the Church but in contributing in such large fashion to transforming what was a primitive wilderness into a centre of modern industrialized civilization.

Dealing in detail, as he does, first with the growth of Catholicity in the Mississippi Valley and afterward with that portion of it that lies within the jurisdiction of the archiepiscopal see of St. Louis, much that he says has necessarily a local flavor, and will be of peculiarly local interest. The earlier sections of the work, however, which tell of the first contacts between the devoted Spanish and French missionaries and the natives, the coming of the white settlers and the struggles of the pioneer priests and immigrants, contain a narrative of events very seldom referred to in works of general history. These phases of the annals of our country should be better known, for they reveal the extent to which religion and civilization had advanced in this once remote region before the settlers from the English colonies had crossed the Appalachians. In this connection, too, one fact to which the author directs attention without unduly emphasizing it, is the large part played by priests in organizing the government in the parts of the country which passed from French and Spanish hands to American jurisdiction. Another feature of this narrative which comes into clear light is that after the Church was organized into a diocese, and subsequently into an archdiocese, St. Louis continued, nevertheless, to be missionary territory.

Difficulties were necessarily encountered in building up the Church, difficulties internal as well as external, but the work of organization went forward and the flourishing see of St. Louis is the result of these pioneer labors and sacrifices. The author plays no favorites. He is not censorious, but his narrative reveals some deep shadows as well as strong lights. No special effort is made to describe the varied racial strains that entered into the composition of the populace in Missouri and Illinois, out of which the unity of the Catholic Church was to be fused, but the fusion took place thanks to the tact and wisdom of the bishops and the archbishops in dealing with the delicate problems of race pride and national traditions. Their success is attested in the wonderful organization of the archdiocese at the present time.

Another characteristic that stands revealed in this work as distinguishing the labors of the missionaries and organizers of the Church is that there was nothing timid or uncertain in their activities. Everything they did manifested a definite purpose working toward a definite end. The author indulges in no elaborate eulogies on any of these patient builders, but it is clear on every page of his description of what they did, that the solid and successful growth of the Church was due in large measure to the quality and calibre of the men who presided over its destinies. It would be invidious to single out any names for special mention. The author has exhibited a commendable reserve in dealing with personalities, but nevertheless the record of deeds done is the best indication of merit. The work is a splendid tribute to missionary and episcopal zeal, and the archdiocese of St. Louis is to be congratulated on its very competent historian.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Prelude to Adventure

Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man, by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $2.50.

ENGLISH books during the last fifteen years have repeatedly given us the melancholy memoirs of those men who saw the quiet, secure world of the Edwardian era shattered by the thunderbolts of war. The generation of Rupert Brooke has come to represent a far-off enchantment, a period when youth was happy and the ignominies and disasters of strife were far away. England, to the traveler's eye, is still the England of cozy fields and dewy evenings, of rivers flowing under silent trees and lifting the snowy bosoms of swans, of abbeys and lakes and broad estates. The roar of traffic on the highroads and the unrelieved anxieties of the laboring classes seem unable to efface the ancient heritage of peace and beauty. But these scenes now surround, on the one hand, a people restless and fretful for the disclosures of the future, and on the other nostalgia for the lost days before Serajevo. Recently a sterner kind of literature has appeared, surveying the first quarter of the present century with saner eyes, and endeavoring to weigh soberly the exact value of the current generation's experiences. The books of C. E. Montague and R. H. Mottram were among the first; now Edmund Blunden's Overtones of War gives us a brilliant study of the disastrous years of battle, and Siegfried Sassoon's Memoirs recall with poignant affection the prelude to the nightmares which broke in 1914.

Sassoon's poetry remains the finest protest that came from English youth during war time. He left a tranquil life of hunting and music and books to go into the trenches, and he never forgave the circumstances which plunged his spirit into the intolerable horrors of battle. In Counter-Attack he hurled maledictions; in Picture Show he remembered his wounds with bitterness and remorse. The exaltation of Rupert Brooke's sonnets is missing in the hard lyrics he wrote as foot-notes to his experience. But he never told the world why his rage was so intense: he never revealed the contrast which existed between his battle pictures and the scenes of his youthful life. The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man take us back to the early decade of the century when his country was indeed a happy island, sailing forward on the high tides of empire, filling the lives of her people with sports and festivals and the many curious enthusiasms which make English patriotism a problem in national psychology and which keeps English life the envy of all observers.

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The Memoirs wear the thin disguise of a novel, with fictitious names and slightly altered circumstances. They lead us gently and quietly through the boyhood years of the hero, George Sherston, until he masters the art of riding under the direction of the admirable groom, Dixon. The bright scarlet figures of the hunt weave in and out of the narrative, which recounts his tranquil, pastoral life, his first meeting with great music and great books, his friendships, his encounters in the brilliant drawing-rooms of London or of country houses, his sports on green fields and over the chase, and finally his first months as a soldier. The tone is deliberately subdued. The restraint and humility of manner probably explain Sassoon's decline as a poet: having sung his loudest notes in protest, he has been willing to retire in sheer relief to a gentle, inexpressive life whereof great poetry is not made. He gives us here a series of genre pictures in the old English style. The book lacks every vestige of the aggressive passion of the war poems, and in its slow, reminiscential sobriety it seems lifeless. But the characters are quick with reality, the picture is always authentic, and if an insistent melancholy pervades every chapter, it is offset by a profound and luminous sincerity.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Diplomacy Misjudged

A History of European Diplomacy: 1451-1789, by R. B. Mowat. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $6.00.

WHY this very commonplace work compiled at second hand from the works of other historians should have been called A History of Diplomacy, is a little difficult to understand. The mere fact that it leaves out all accounts of military operations should not entitle it to the name. The treatment of its subject is conventional and uninspired, it contains no bibliography and the foot-notes show practically no evidence of original research on the part of the author.

It contains amazing generalizations, such as that no war is inevitable where there is adequate statesmanship. This is one of those facile statements which are dear to the hearts of pacifists, but which should not be indulged in by anyone making a serious claim to write history. If diplomatists were omniscient and humanity perfect, all wars might be avoided, but that there have been wars in the past that were inevitable, humanly speaking, no one acquainted with the facts of history can easily deny.

To state that the Catholics were chiefly responsible for the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, is mere assertion. Doubtless the Emperor Mathias might have more gentle in his treatment of the Protestant Bohemians, but it is to be remembered that the Catholic League was only organized as an answer to the Protestant League, and that the Defenestration of Prague and the choice of the elector palatinate as king by the Grand Diet after it had accepted Ferdinand of Styria, were in absolute defiance of the authority of the Emperor and it was these events that brought about the actual outbreak of hostilities. The statement that Richelieu's representatives at the Diet of Ratisbon in 1630 forced Ferdinand to dismiss Wallenstein is not in accord with the results of the most recent research in this field and is, indeed, denied by Fagniez, who is perhaps the greatest authority on the subject.

Anyone likely to be influenced by Professor Mowat's account of the negotiations which were concluded by the signing of the treaty of Nymwegen, would do well to read Hilaire Belloc's account of these events in his recent book on James II.

Obviously the history of the diplomacy of Europe for a period of over four hundred years could not be exhaustively treated in a volume of some three hundred pages. Diplomatic history does not consist merely in a brief narrative of events coupled with the names of negotiations and the contents of treaties, though an accurate compilation of this sort might have its uses as an outline. Professor Mowat has completely failed to carry out the purpose announced in his preface of showing how diplomacy has helped to diminish warfare, as his book gives us only the most superficial account of the details of negotiations, the personalities of diplomatists and the varying influences which caused them to reach their decisions. It will add nothing to the knowledge of those who have given any time to a study of the period of which it treats.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER.

Memoirs and Imagination

The Tragic Empress, by Maurice Paléologue; translated by Hamish Miles. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

M. PALEOLOGUE is a brilliant writer and an imaginative one, but sometimes he allows this imagination, which helps him to write such wonderfully interesting books, to run away with him, and make him forget facts as they really happened. This is not meant as a criticism; it is almost impossible to criticize such wonderfully conceived, attractively expressed prose as that which he is accustomed to write. He is a master in the art, and one can but admire him, and enjoy him. But on the other hand, none of his writings ought to be perused without some kind of mental reservation. He allows himself to become engrossed by his subject to the extent that he only sees it with his own eyes, judges of it only according to his own standards of appreciation; and more than once he makes his personages think as he does himself, talk as he would have talked in their places.

I find this same exaggeration in the wonderfully interesting conversations with the Empress Eugénie recounted in this latest book. I have no doubt that she told M. Paléologue a good deal. Whether he has reproduced her words exactly as she spoke them, and whether when writing them down some confusion did not arise among the many interesting recollections the author must have collected together during his long diplomatic career, and cause him to believe that what had been told him by Peter was in reality related by Paul, I will not attempt to say. His book is one of the most entertaining which I have read in a long time, and what more can be expected of a work which bears too much likeness to a novel ever to be classified as a historical contribution to the struggles which agitated the European continent during the last fifty years?

The personality of the unhappy Empress of the French is drawn with a very sympathetic brush. She appears to us as an impulsive, high-strung woman, but one with great principles of honesty and of honor, a sovereign even in her mistakes, and a passionate lover of France, who never allowed its welfare to slip out of her mind. Her apology for the most reprehensible acts of Napoleon III shows wifely devotion and wifely love, and her disclaimer of the legend that attributed to her the sole responsibility for the Franco-German war of 1870 is dignified, if a little too violent. There is nothing to reproach her for in all the confidences which she poured into the ears of M. Paléologue, and one can but thank him for the service which he rendered to the memory of a much-slandered woman by publishing them.

But when I closed this volume, over the reading of which I

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spent such pleasant hours, I suddenly remembered another episode in the existence of the Empress Eugénie. After the fall of the empire an old friend of hers, who had known her in her young days in Madrid, when she was considered the loveliest girl in the Spanish capital, went to see her at Chislehurst. They had not met for many years, and found much to say to each other, until at last the visitor was impulsively moved to exclaim, "How unhappy you must be now!"

The Empress smiled sadly, then said: "Not so unhappy perhaps, as you think. I begin to get used to exile!" Words that are—when one remembers who it was that uttered them—more profoundly pathetic than the 300 pages of confidences of which M. Paléologue has kept the record.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Nancy and Others

Dark Star, by Lorna Moon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Stillborn, by Lillian Eichler. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

ALTHOUGH one expects little more than a lurid romance from a book called Dark Star, by a Miss Moon, it is a really fine novel—one of the yearly few that would bear rereading. The characters are not merely simple, familiar types, nor are they fuzzily drawn—they are new individuals, thoroughly alive, whose flesh and bones are animated by warm blood. Not only is this true of the minor characters, but even, wonder of wonders! of the more important. Each one is handled with a firm, sure touch that bespeaks a long, quiet period of knowing them before Miss Moon put pen to paper. One will not soon forget Nancy's spirited hunger for beauty and her inherited, dogging shadow of noble despair; the meek and insinuating hatred of the minister's wife; the lusty paganism of his bedridden mother; the hearty and strangely perverted fineness of Divot Meg, the harlot, perhaps the worthiest character of them all; or the cultured self-protective cynicism of the crippled librarian. They are all characters for a romance, but they live, they are right. And the story of their lives is told with a music and a quick suggestiveness of landscapes and emotions that is a constant delight to the mind's ear and eye.

It is a far cry from the finished and vibrant beauty of Dark Star to Stillborn, by Lillian Eichler. And there are so many good qualities in the latter book that one regrets its failure all the more keenly. Its style is never harsh or obscure, often unusually melodious and pictorial. And its author shows a penetrating sympathy for many different sorts of character and outlook. But she has failed to allow her characters to live and grow on their own account. They have been warped to fit the author's thesis, and yet even the plot wherein this thesis is embodied does not have its various elements well woven together, and they fall to pieces in the latter half of the book. This thesis, against mothers dominating children, which has been much in vogue even since Freud reënthroned Oedipus, is expressed in the story of a mother who forced her reluctant, unsuited son into the priesthood. To many this would seem an anti-Catholic tale, especially as the son is saved from imminent apostasy only by death. But the author, for all her mistaken notions of the Church, one of which is essential to the plot, shows a friendly warmth. This is not an anti-Catholic story—it is only a failure all the more lamentable for showing signs that it might have been a success.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

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Lyrics Good and Bad

Dolorous Carnival, by John Rollin Stuart. New York: Harold Vinal.

This Unchanging Mask, by Francis Claiborne Mason. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

MR. STUART tricks out a slight though genuine enough emotion, and a slighter content of thought, with the mid-Victorian properties of the minor poet. These thinly echoing classical allusions and adolescent grimaces (one poem is entitled Red Sneer) serve only to distract attention from his arguments. And it is strange that one who gives the impression of such youthfulness in amorousness of stuffs and of "exotic" words and accoutrements, must be reminded of a definition so specifically the property of the youth as Keats's definition of beauty. Stripped of properties, Mr. Stuart's verses are not wholly lacking in pleasing qualities, as one poem at least, a concisely phrased, clean-lined satirical piece called Howdah, demonstrates. In this one piece at least, there are no phrases such as "life's ivory mirage" and "pergolas of folly," nor is their absence missed. But the book on the whole has but little appeal to a mature taste.

Such confusion of "sound and effects" for utterance as Mr. Stuart's verses betray is pleasantly absent from Mr. Mason's book. Here one finds clarity of thought, of symbol and of line. Still the volume offers a curious mélange: hard and compact sonnets of a masculine directness, such as The Pack in Cry, perhaps the finest poem of the lot, and Country Noon; some very youthfully cynical and "dramatic" pieces; and a handful of lyrics which have a definitely feminine quality and were, one feels, Mr. Mason's earliest exercises. But for all the inequality of the collection, one feels sure that Mr. Mason's genuine talent will hardly retrogress.

R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON.

400 Passages from Dante

My Favorite Passage from Dante, by John T. Slattery. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $3.35.

THAT Dante is an integral part of modern education and life is a comforting proposition that has awaited proof. Monsignor Slattery now supplies it, in a volume of "favorite passages" selected and commented upon by a large and distinguished group of Dante readers. Nobody would expect to glean much critical wisdom or original exegesis from such a book. Its value lies in its ability to make Dante seem very fresh and alive, and in the "glimpses of many souls" which it affords. You turn over this catalogue of great verses and illustrious names, and somehow you feel that Dante has been the topic of friendly conversation between them and yourself. The comments are almost always very human; they are seldom merely academic. To have gathered them con amore is a memorable achievement.

I may be permitted to say that, having been invited to make a selection, I chose those lines from the Paradiso which incorporate Saint Bernard's hymn to the Blessed Virgin. It is a pleasure to notice that the same passage remains the favorite of many others, including Cardinal O'Connell and M. Georges Goyau. Doubtless the same joy in sharing an opinion will come to all who have written for Monsignor Slattery's book. But even those who did not contribute, or who have just taken up the study of the Divine Comedy, will find here an interesting, stimulating, delectable companion.

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Briefer Mention

The Mariology of Cardinal Newman, by Francis J. Friedel. New York: Benziger Brothers. $3.25.

THE first part of Father Friedel's book is a most interesting and appreciative story of Newman's religious development. As an Anglican he had an instinctive dread of Catholic devotions to Our Lady. It was his great stumbling block. He could not find "the glories of Mary" in the writings of the early Fathers and being completely absorbed in his historical theory of the Christian Church, he faltered. But the heart of the poet won. Our Lady was always the guiding star of his inner life. His very hesitancy to say an Ave to her was born of honest love and reverence. The second part of the book is an examination of Newman's theology, which some have questioned. What have been considered its dangers are due to poetic insight and lack of scholastic training. The years are bringing Newman increased justification. A book that everyone who loves Newman should read. The price is unfortunately high.

The English Novel, by Ford Madox Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00.

AMIABLE gossip about the English novel compressed into brief space and crowned with the goodly name of Ford constitutes the opening volume of Lippincott's new One Hour Series. Comment is supplied elsewhere in this issue. It should be added that a bird's-eye view of the development of fiction is one of the book's chief purposes, and that Mr. Ford is unsparing of neither vitriol nor incense.

Scheherazade, Or the Future of the English Novel, by John Carruthers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

ONE may disagree heartily with Mr. Carruthers on some matters, but his little book is attractive and stimulating none the less. As some few remarks elsewhere in this issue suggest, Mr. Carruthers is vastly more concerned with the present than with the misty future. The volume appears in the Today and Tomorrow Series.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. JOHN J. HARBRECHT, S.T.D., professor of social ethics at Mount Saint Mary Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the author of The Lay Apostolate; and Catholic Action and the Retreat Movement.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL, novelist and poet, is the author of The Little Red House in the Hollow; Blind Wisdom; The Heart's Justice; and The Dancer in the Shrine.

PADRAIC COLUM is an Irish poet, resident in Connecticut, and the author of many books, among which are Wild Earth; and The Road 'Round Ireland.

JOHN CARTER is the author of Man Is War; and Conquest.

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON, formerly a member of the English Department of the University of New Hampshire, is educational assistant to the national director of the American Junior Red Cross.

ALAN DEVOE is a columnist on The Montclair Times.

SISTER M. MADELEVA, C.S.C., is a poet and critic, and the author of Knight Errant; Pearl; and Penelope.

REV. GERALD B. PHELAN is professor of philosophy in Saint Michael's College, Toronto.

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of The Valerian Persecution; and Historical Christianity and the Social Question.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is a member of the teaching staff of Loyola University, Chicago.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER was formerly associated with the State Department in Washington.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL of Russia is the author, in English, of They Knew the Washingtons; and the Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL is a contributor to the New York critical press.

R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON is a Wisconsin poet and critic at present residing in New York.

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